

## THE MANDERFIELDS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

## PART THE FIFTH.

SERLINGHAM averted his face unable to witness the effect his disclosure must produce on his countryman, on a man whose unqualified friendship he would so gladly have secured. At length, after a deep sigh he nerved himself to continue the outline of his story.

"Believe me, Mr. Manderfield"—said he—"believe me when I assure you that, at the commencement of my opposition to the great cause of my country's emancipation, I should have been horror-struck at the bare suggestion of my being concerned in any act which could be construed into treason against the land of my birth. But one thing brought on another. There was a combination of circumstances. Gradually, my perceptions of truth and right became perverted, and my prejudices in favour of England were strengthened by the representations of some of the leading men who had come over with the British army. I was a frequent visitor at the Province House, and too ready a listener to the conversation at that place. After the English were obliged to leave Boston, and the city was again left to its patriotic inhabitants, all who had distinguished themselves as supporters of the enemy were visited with the pains and penalties incurred by their defection. I was a marked man—and it is true that I deserved to be so. Still, in my case, suspicion had outrun the truth. I had never been so guilty as was supposed. But appearances were strongly against me, and I found no means of substantiating some real facts which, if made manifest, would have materially lessened the amount of obloquy which was now heaped upon me. I was arraigned—condemned—my property confiscated—and myself banished from my native country. My son-in-law was absent with the army, of which he had been a member since the fight of Bunker Hill. I was glad to be spared a last interview with him. He would have been kind and compassionate—he was always so. But I should have felt that, with all his forbearance towards the father of his wife, he must in his heart have despised me.

"I embarked in a brig which was going to England as a cartel. My daughter's carriage conveyed me to the wharf, and she and Emma were with me to the last moment. The brig lay out in the stream. Even now I feel the anguish with which I looked at the vessel that was to bear me away for ever from all I loved on earth. Even now I see before me my daughter and my daughter's child, just as they looked then; and so in my memory have they looked ever since—dearest, dearest Emma! when I

had stepped in desperate agony into the boat, and found myself, I know not how, on the deck of the vessel, I heard her scream. I had resolved not to look back—but I did. They were carrying her away to put her into the carriage. Her face was still turned towards me—I saw that it was. I shall never see it again. The carriage lingered on the wharf as long as I could discern it. But the wind set fair to fill our departing sails, and in a short time my native city was lost in the mist of distance.

"Oh! that long and dreary voyage. It seemed as if it would never end. And who was to greet me at its termination! What a sinking of the heart I felt when I set my foot on the shore of England. Two other refugees, who were my shipmates, exulted in the part they had taken. I could not. And yet, I did not then see all the folly, all the enormity of my delinquency. I grieved at the ruin it had brought upon me; I grieved for the domestic ties it had severed: but time has deepened instead of fading its colours. I have suffered, I have reflected—and I am convinced. But I will acknowledge that at first I cherished an undue resentment against the country which had expelled me from its bosom, against the cause which I had considered it my duty to oppose, and in opposing which I had lost all. Refusing to accept assistance from my son-in-law, and unable to find a way of supporting myself genteelly in England, (for I must acknowledge that I clung to the habits of polished life with unconquerable tenacity,) I became a pensioner of the crown of Britain; and on that pension I have lived ever since—with a wounded conscience, a perpetual sense of shame, and an incessant craving after the land that has now taken its place among the noblest and happiest on earth."

"Were your case duly represented?"—said Mr. Manderfield—"I have no doubt that an exception might be made in your favour; so that you could be legally restored to your country and your friends. America can well afford to be lenient."

"Oh, no!"—replied Serlingham—"I never could ask it. Though less guilty than supposed, still I said and did too much that was inimical to the popular cause—too much to be forgotten, even if forgiven. How could I under existing circumstances hold up my head again in the city where I once had wealth, and influence, and respectability. To be slighted and looked on coldly, by the men who bravely assisted with heart and hand in achieving the independence of their country! How on their own ground, on their own native soil which they have so bravely defended, how could I look such men in the face! And how would they look

on me! My name would be whispered about as 'Serlingham the tory,—the refugee,—the pensioner of a king.' I should be pointed out as a warning to the sons of my patriot townsmen. Could I see my own dear relatives, (fortunately for them they are but few,) could I see them subjected to continual mortification on my account; and their sympathies perpetually excited in my behalf! I have suffered much—and deservedly too—but I cannot endure that. I cannot lessen the happiness of my children. No, let me rather vegetate here—with the ocean between us. Life at least must have an end. The wearied soul must at last be released from its mortal tenement. And for many long, long years, I have humbly endeavoured to atone for my sins against my beloved country, by trying to live such a life as may bespeak for me indulgence when summoned to that eternal region where there are neither wars, nor monarchies nor republics; where no government is known but that which emanates directly from the Omnipotent Father of the universe."

On pronouncing these words Serlingham bowed his head upon his clasped hands, and remained for some moments reverently silent; and his feelings were deeply shared by his auditor.

"And now Mr. Manderfield"—continued Serlingham—"let me again entreat your pardon, for having intruded myself upon your family, by accosting your children in the Park. I know I have done wrong; but indeed it was hard to resist. They were American children, and your sweet little Laura reminded me so of my Emma. My heart yearns after all that belongs to America, and yet yours is the first American family to whom I have dared to present myself. And I hoped that, as you were not Bostonians, you might not have heard of me, or of what I was when I possessed the home I have forfeited. Forgive me—and I will withdraw from an intimacy that I ought not to have commenced."

Mr. Manderfield warmly pressed the hand of the unfortunate Serlingham, saying—"Think not for a moment of estranging yourself from friends who are so happy in your society. The great error of your life, so deeply felt and so sadly lamented, only gives you an additional claim on our sympathy; and be assured you shall never through us have cause to regret the disclosure of to-day."

"I do not deserve this kindness"—replied Serlingham—"but I feel it as balm to my self-wounded spirit. Will you acquaint your children with my unhappy history, impressing upon them my regret,—my remorse,—my repentance? Its melancholy moral may strengthen in the hearts of your noble boys that patriotic feeling which it is so delightful to observe in our young Americans; and which never can be too sedulously cultivated."

Great indeed was the sorrow of the family when, on returning home, Mr. Manderfield related to them the story of their old friend. And they all earnestly protested their conviction that he had believed himself to be acting rightly in espousing the

cause of the British monarch. Even the stern republicanism of Franklin relented; and he said he was glad to find that even a tory might be a good man.

On the following day the Manderfields sent a very kind note inviting Serlingham to tea. He came; looking very pale, and seeming at first much confused. And it was charming to see how cordially he was received, and how desirous they all were of making him feel at ease, and in the most delicate manner to let him understand that he had lost nothing of their friendship.

The mind of Serlingham seemed much relieved by the confession of his errors, and his consequent sufferings; and all being now understood, he made no farther allusions to the painful subject. Still, he could not always refrain from referring, at times, to his beloved granddaughter,—whose frequent and charming letters he now took pleasure in showing to the young Manderfields.

We will carry our story forward to the time when the Manderfield family prepared to return to America. Several years of familiar intercourse with their neighbour Serlingham, had riveted their friendship;—the friendship which he called the sunshine of his lonely life. Intensely did he grieve at the approaching separation. He accompanied them as far as Portsmouth, where they embarked for Philadelphia. They were all deeply afflicted at parting. "Ah!"—said he—"how I thank you for those tears. How kind, how gratifying they are to me. But you will soon dry them; for you are returning to your home; to your friends; to your country—to America—while, with me, all now is utter desolation."

The Manderfields had a short passage to Philadelphia; and, though they had seen in England much to like, much to admire, and much to remember always, yet their happiness was vividly testified when again they found themselves in their native home. The fortune of Mr. Manderfield was greatly improved by the very advantageous mercantile transactions in which he had engaged while in England;—and all things smiled upon their return.

Frequent letters passed between them and their friend Serlingham, to whom they sent regularly newspapers, garden-seeds, and other remembrances. Serlingham wrote sensibly, cheerfully, and amusingly, avoiding all further reference to his private sorrows, but always inquiring earnestly after his favourite Laura. At length his letters became less frequent, and more concise. He complained of impaired sight; alluded to the rapidly advancing infirmities of age; and his friends excused his tardiness in replying to their epistles, believing that the good old gentleman might now find it a difficult task to sustain a regular correspondence.

In due time, Mr. Manderfield gave each of his sons a share in the business; intending, after a while, to relinquish it entirely to them. Juliet married happily; and Laura was keeping the pro-

mise of her early childhood; by growing up into a lively and intelligent young lady.

Charles Manderfield had just entered his twenty-third year, when he was sent out by his father on a mercantile mission to England. On the day after his arrival in London, he repaired to the house of their ancient friend; but at the first glance he saw that Serlingham was no longer its occupant. The tulip-tree was still there; but the dogwood, and the rhododendron had disappeared from the front garden, and were replaced by lilac bushes and altheas. Over the door was an oval sign with gilt letters, denoting—"Miss de Fagg's Select Seminary for Young Ladies." Knowing that governesses are not to be interrupted in school hours, Charles Manderfield walked along the row to seek information at another house. But he found new names on every door, except on the dwelling formerly occupied by his own family; and the name on that was still Woodford. He well remembered Mr. Woodford having taken the house when Mr. Manderfield gave it up. He rang the bell, was admitted, and saw Mrs. Woodford. Having made himself known, he learnt from that lady that about two years since, Mr. Serlingham had broken up house-keeping; sold his furniture; parted with his servants, and removed into lodgings; but where those lodgings were he had on leaving his old neighbourhood, disclosed to no one.

Charles Manderfield next thought of applying to a barber who lived just round the corner, and who as he remembered had been every day in the practice of dressing Serlingham's hair. He found the barber still at his old shop; but from him he could learn little more than he had already heard, in substance, from Mrs. Woodford. The barber, also, was ignorant of the present residence of his former excellent employer, the very last gentleman whose hair he had dressed and powdered: the fashion having long since become universal of wearing the hair short, and without powder. The honest *coiffeur* gave, however, a very circumstantial account of Mr. Serlingham's sale, and showed Charles a dressing-case he had purchased there. It was understood that but very few articles had been kept back, and that even the library was sold; with the exception of only about a dozen books retained by the owner.

"Perhaps"—said Charles—"Mr. Serlingham has left England. He may have returned to America."

"Oh! no, indeed"—replied the hair-dresser. "It was but the hother day that I saw him in your own street, walking past the ouse you used to live in, and looking hup at the windows. He is very much haltered, and has had his air cut off, and wears it plain and gray. But through all his disfigurement I knew it was him in a moment: for he's a man not heasy to forget. Beside, he bowed to me, just as he used to do whenever he saw me. You know he was polite to hevery body. And then he halways ad a hextra perception of a hartist that is skilful in himproving the hexternal haspect

of a real born gentleman, which nobody can deny that Mr. Serlingham is. Heven his tailor and shoe-maker know that; and his atter too. But some-think or hother seems to have made a great change in his looks. And as to his present wearabout he has left us all busting in hignorance, as Amlet Prince of Denmark says in one of Mr. Shakspeare's plays."

Charles Manderfield had, for convenience in business, taken lodgings in what is called "the city." On his way back thither, he found himself near the street in which was situated the house of Mrs. Blagden. Remembering this good lady, and desirous of seeing her again, he stopped at her door which still bore the same plate. A new boy ushered him into the front parlour, the furniture of which had remained unchanged, and therefore seemed very familiar to him. Having sent her his name, his quondam landlady only kept him waiting about half an hour while she drest for the interview. She then rushed into the room greeting him with energetic expressions of joy, and astonishment at finding him grown up a man; and still more at his looking so "andsome," and so "vastly genteel."

Mrs. Blagden being now somewhat younger than when the Manderfield family had first known her, was accoutred (as her milliner and mantua-maker assured her) in the height of the newest fashion. She wore a dimity gown with a marvelously short waist, that set upon her shoulder-blades: its length under the arms being scarcely two inches. Two inches also comprised the breadth of the back, on which the large sleeve-holes nearly met each other behind. The sleeves were full, and exceedingly short; and on her long thin arms she had drawn a pair of very lengthy lilac kid gloves. Her dimity dress (confined under the arms with a white cotton rope and tassels) was so scanty that it hooped all round; and at the hem above the feet, it crimped in as narrow as possible, giving her something the figure of a very tall fish standing upright. Charles thought of a halibut. Her once-powdered locks had gone somewhere, and were replaced by a cinnamon-coloured wig, in imitation of a cross excessively curled. This *chevelure* was encircled by a band of broad black velvet ribbon which went low across her forehead, and was looped up between her eyes with an immense brooch of Birmingham jewellery. Her small face and features looked smaller than ever.

Mrs. Blagden poured out a flood of inquiries after every member of the Manderfield family;—first wittily asking "if they found America standing where it did." In return for the information contained in Charles's replies, she told him, that Jem was quite grown up, and therefore being taxable as a man-servant, she had substituted another boy in his place; quite a small boy, that would not grow up and be taxed in less than seven years. She stated that Jem was now a waiter at White Conduit House, in the garden of which she had lately taken some little girls to drink tea; and it

seemed quite like old times for Jem to be bringing her the kettle, and the plate of hot rolls. As to Jenny, the girl had been fool enough to leave her good place, to marry the dust-man: and of course her mistress could not be expected ever to know any thing more about a person of such grovelling tastes. Nanny now filled the post formerly occupied by the low-minded Jenny. But Nanny's memory being worse than ever, it was scarcely to be hoped that she retained the least recollection of Master Charles Manderfield;—therefore it were worse than useless to call her up; she being now about some very dirty work, and not fit to be seen.

Having despatched the history of her servants, Mrs. Blagden took up that of Mr. Knight; who, as she said, was still in the land of the living, and looking like the same old, two and sixpence; being not a day older, and much funnier than ever. He had acquired numerous new feats, and was considered very great as a dancing bear. He had entertained a select party at the Mansion House, by invitation of the Lady Mayoress herself. And there was some reason to hope that, through the mediation of his majesty's cook, Mr. Knight might possibly arrive at the honour of being commanded to Windsor—or to Frogmore at least. "Besides all this"—continued Mrs. Blagden—"it is now no secret that Mr. Knight is employed in writing mellow-drammers for Sadler's Wells; and they're dying to get him to do the same things for Hashley's. And (though it's ard to credit) yet I've eard from no less authority than the box-keeper's hown cousin, that Mr. Knight gets as much as a guinea a-piece for hevery drammer he writes; and if that's the case, he must be hactually coining money. I'm told that times are now very good for geniuses. If I had a son I'd certainly bring him up a genius. And besides these guineas, Mr. Knight has the hannuity he's been living upon these thirty years. Now that he's so good a match, I should not wonder if he begins to look out for a wife."

So saying, Mrs. Blagden's eyes strayed towards the mirror that hung opposite; and she involuntarily began to pull at her front curls.

Charles Manderfield expressed his pleasure at hearing that Mr. Knight's affairs were in so flourishing a condition.

Having gotten through Mr. Knight, the lady began to tell of her present lodgers; talking with most unction of her first floor, who she informed Charles was a nabob or a keebob or something of that sort, having just come home from living among the Turks in Hindia, and taken her rooms till he could look about to buy an estate; and who was, doubtless, a very rich man, smoking a long pipe that went round and round in a circumbendibus, and keeping a dark-faced servant that wore a turbant and spoke no Henglish, and boiled his master's rice for him. "Then"—continued Mrs. Blagden—"my second floor is two maiden sisters, ladies of great quality, own haunts to the Hearl of Squandergoold. They expect he will come and see them at Heaster; for he always calls on his haunts once

a year, and about that time. So I shall have a carriage with a coronet at my door. You cannot think how stylish it sounds to have a Lady Hanne and a Lady Arriet in one's hown ouse. It is really a pleasant thing to find oneself getting hup in the world. My ouse, though I say it that should not say it, is always full. Now I think on it, my back hatic is a hold acquaintance of yours—one Mr. Serlingham."

"Mr. Serlingham!"—exclaimed Charles, starting up. "Have I then found him, at last! I am very glad. Do you know if he is now at home?"

"I saw him go out about two hours ago"—replied Mrs. Blagden—"and that's as long as he usually stays out at a time, for walking seems to tire him, and he never rides. If you'll wait a little, I dare say he'll soon be hin."

Charles sat down again; and Mrs. Blagden continued—"This same old gentleman came here about this time last year; and said he had been living in lodgings down in the city, but found confined hair not good for him, and he wanted to be again at the west hend. And he said that seeing my name on the door, he remembered Mr. Manderfield's family had once lodged with Mrs. Blagden; and he thought he should like the ouse, and that it would give him pleasure to be where they had been. So as I saw how much he wanted to come, I hasked him a pretty round price for my back hatic, which was all the room that was hempty; and you know it has a flat roof, and is neat and well-finished and good enough for any body that ain't tip-top quality. But he agged and agged; and he agreed to be very quiet and horderly, and to keep good hours; and to give little trouble; and to have no visitors tramping up and down, and wearing out the stair-carpet;—and he promised to pay weekly, or else I was at liberty to turn him out; and he seemed so well-spoken and gentlemanlike, that I gave in, and consented to take him lower than what I first hasked,—provided he'd keep it secret from the whole world;—which he smiled, and promised faithfully. So he came; and among his baggage was a covered basket full of strange rattitrap, as if he was going to ousekeeping in a small way. And so here he has been ever since. To be sure he's quiet and horderly enough; and is never out after dark, which is proof positive that he don't go to the theatre; and that he gets no amusement any where. As to his having visitors, not a creature has gone up stairs since he came to the ouse. He lives haltogether to himself, just like an ermit or a hanchorite. There he cleans his own shoes and boots, which is a great hinjury to the boy Billy, for it takes off so much from his vails. Then the old gentleman makes his own fires, which is halso very unjust; and goes his own herrands; and worse than all, he brings ome things in a little and-basket, and cooks them himself at his own fire when they're such things as want cooking; which is using Nanny very hill, and I assure you she feels it. For it deprives her of one of her chances of turning an honest penny by broiling a mutton chop and boiling a

couple of potatoes for him in her own kitchen. The little he gives her for making his bed and cleaning his room, is no hobnob; and there is no getting any perquisites out of him. You've no idea how saving he is of his cinders and candle-heads. He's as bad as a miser in a play."

"I am very sorry to hear all this!"—said Charles—"I cannot in description recognize the Mr. Serlingham I so well recollect as a gentleman in his whole deportment, and generous and liberal to the utmost extent of his means."

"I assure you it's all gospel truth!"—replied Mrs. Blagden—"and I'm ready to make my affidavit of the whole. And yet I can't elp liking him, as he sits and talks with me, when sometimes of a dull rainy evening I invite him down to take tea in my own parlour; for I think it a pity he should always be sit poking up stairs by himself, with nobody to speak to. It's a miserable thing to have nobody to talk to; and enough to kill a person by hitches. He's such a very sensible man, it does me good to ear him. And then he's so very well bred, and looks so like a gentleman: for he's always clean and neat, and wears good clothes for all he's so saving. And then he's the punctuallest of pay-masters. It's plain to be seen that he'd rather dine upon three pennorth of sprats than not be ready for me with his money every Saturday morning."

"I fear!"—said Charles—"his income must in some way be materially lessened. This close economy is not natural to Mr. Serlingham."

"Oh!"—replied Mrs. Blagden, who was a woman of universal knowledge—"his hincome is very good indeed. He draws quite an andsome pension from government, and goes to the hoffice every quarter to receive it himself. I have a friend whose brother-in-law is a clerk in that very hoffice,

and he says that Mr. Serlingham takes up his money as regular as possible. He got his last quarter only a week ago. No—no. The fact is that persons are apt to change in growing old (I ope that will never be my lot) so that they get quite too fond of money and economy, and take real pleasure in pinching and screwing, even when they pinch and screw themselves, which is most extraordinary and one of the wonders of nature. And after awhile, they get meaner and meaner, and lose all shame, and don't scruple to come out hopen skinflints, and never care who knows it, and what people say about them. The uman eart is a monstrous strange thing!"—added the good lady with a moralizing sigh—"and liable to great changes. So it's arduous to guess what any of us may hend in. Now there's Mr. Knight—he's as old a man as Mr. Serlingham—but he's as gay as a lark and keeps all the world a laughing, and is Mrs. Grigg's first floor. And, though he makes no show, he takes care to be comfortable, and does none of his own work. And then he goes to plays and concerts; and when he comes ome sends out for highsters; and he often brings a friend to sup with him, and then he has even been known to provide a cold chicken. Still, however, as it is quite certain that Mr. Serlingham (close and mean as he may be) is very well off, and has money enough, there is no fear of his disgracing the ouse. And upon the ole, he may be considered a very good back-hattic. And he's welcome to that as long as he pays. But here he is scraping his feet at the door-scraper. I know his very scrape. I'll run out, and meet him in the passage, and tell him Master Charles Manderfield is here, and bring him in, and then you shall judge for yourself."

(To be continued.)

## THE MANDERFIELDS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

## PART SIXTH.

CHARLES MANDERFIELD hastened eagerly to meet his venerable and well-remembered friend, but almost started back at the change in his appearance. The figure of Serlingham was no longer erect. His head and shoulders were now bent forward; and the movement of his limbs evinced the decrepitude that had come upon him. His hair was no longer dressed and powdered. Indeed, he had lost a large portion of it, and the little that remained was white as snow; so also were his eyebrows. His eyes were deeply sunk in their sockets, and their fires had grown dull and languid. He was much thinner, much paler, and looked, at least, twenty years older than when the Manderfields had taken leave of him at Portsmouth. His apparel was no longer a suit of fine black cloth, with black satin waistcoat, and pleated cambric ruffles fastened by a diamond pin. His present habit was a brown surtout, a striped swansdown waistcoat, dark gray pantaloons, and thick high shoes. Still his clothing, though plain and of cheap materials, was scrupulously neat. His gold-headed cane had given place to a stick with an ivory top, on which he leaned as if walking fatigued him.

At the sight of Charles Manderfield (whom he recognized in a moment, notwithstanding that the boy was grown into a man,) the face of Serlingham beamed with delight; and the next moment it was covered with a blush of confusion, as he saw the surprise with which his young friend regarded his altered looks. The evident embarrassment of Serlingham caused Charles to recollect himself immediately; and springing forward, he seized the hand of the old gentleman, exclaiming—

“My dear Mr. Serlingham, I am sure you remember Charles Manderfield!”

“I do, indeed,”—replied Serlingham, warmly returning the pressure of his hand. “I recognize in the countenance of the young gentleman before me the features and the expression I delighted to look at when he was a boy.”

“Do sit down, and make yourself comfortable, Mr. Serlingham”—said Mrs. Blagden—“I dare say you would like to talk over hold times with Master Charles. I will leave you here by yourselves to have a good bit of gossip together. And you’re as welcome as the flowers in May to the use of my front parlour, whenever Master Charles comes to see you. And I shan’t charge a penny for it, out of regard to the young gentleman’s family, who were always very civil to me, notwithstanding that they were such good pay; which is rather un-

common, for most people that pay well think there’s no use in being civil besides. Owever, the proof of the pudding is in the heating; and to go by that proof, I must say I’ve found the Americans very nice persons.”

She then considerably withdrew; saying in an audible whisper, as she passed Serlingham—“I knew very well you would not like to take Master Charles up into the back battic, all cluttered up with kitchen things as you keep it, and not at all genteel.”

Serlingham coloured deeply, and tried to smile; but he sat down, and after a pause, began to make inquiries after each member of the Manderfield family, adding—“It was kind in you all to continue writing to me even after I had ceased. I received every one of your letters, and they seemed to come across the ocean like gleams of American sunshine; like the fragrance of American forest flowers. And oh! how cheering to the lonely exile are tidings from the land of his birth.”

He then suddenly changed the subject, and spoke of the political position of America; of the improvement of her people in the arts which promote the comfort and the embellishment of life; and of the glories yet in prospect for the world beyond the Atlantic. We need not say that in all these anticipations he was joined most energetically by his young friend and countryman.

Yet no allusion was made by Serlingham to his own relations in Boston; and the name of Emma was not once mentioned. Charles Manderfield feared to inquire, in the apprehension that death perhaps had selected a victim from the Cleland family. At length, recollecting his engagement to dine with one of the numerous gentlemen to whom he had brought letters of introduction, he rose to take his leave.

“I cannot give you the trouble of ascending to my room”—said Serlingham—“and indeed, (as my landlady justly remarks,) it is not a fit place for the reception of visitors. But I hope we shall meet frequently during your stay in London.”

Charles immediately gave his address, and begged Serlingham to dine with him the following day at his hotel. This the old gentleman declined; alleging that his habits had become very retired, and were such as no longer fitted him for intercourse with the world; that he had given up all visiting, and all places of amusement; that he took his solitary dinner at noon, and (except in winter) generally went to bed at twilight.

“Perhaps, my dear Charles”—said he—(“for I must still call you so), you occasionally go to the

American coffee-houses. You know they are all near each other, in the vicinity of Cornhill."

"I shall visit them every day"—replied Charles—"to learn the latest news from the United States, and to see if any of my countrymen have arrived in England."

"Well"—said Serlingham—"I go also to these places. And I sometimes indulge in a shilling ride for that purpose, when the weather is unfavourable, or I find myself unequal to the fatigue of walking. The pains and infirmities of old age have gathered fast upon me within the last few years. But there are still things in which I take pleasure."

Finally, it was arranged that Serlingham should breakfast with his young friend the following morning.

"I shall be in this part of the town"—said Charles—"before nine o'clock, and I will have the pleasure of calling for you."

Accordingly, he arrived in a coach at the appointed hour, and conveyed the old man to his hotel, where they breakfasted in Charles's sitting-room.

Young Manderfield was more than ever convinced that a great change had come over the spirit of his guest. Serlingham was no longer conversant with the literature of the day, for, as he said, he had left off buying books. He now knew nothing of the public amusements, except what he gathered from handbills at the corners. And he seemed much more desirous to listen to his young friend than to talk himself. Charles again observed that he never mentioned the beloved granddaughter who had so long occupied the first place in his heart; nor did he speak of her parents; or make the slightest reference to Boston. He sat about half an hour after breakfast was concluded, and then said he would encroach no farther on the time of his host, who pressed him earnestly to repeat his visit.

"My dear Charles"—said Serlingham—"I understand that your stay in the metropolis will not be long, as you purpose a tour round the principal cities of England and Scotland. Also, you have mercantile business to transact; and as your time, while in London, will no doubt be much occupied, I will encroach on it as little as possible. Therefore, I will not arrange with you any preconcerted visits; depending on the chance of meeting you accidentally, and of seeing you at the American coffee-houses. These are my frequent haunts since I have relinquished the habit of going to other places 'where men do congregate.'"

And it was at the Pennsylvania, New York, New England and Virginia coffee-houses that Charles Manderfield had sometimes an interview with his ancient friend, who always seemed most happy to see him, but never invited him to a visit at Mrs. Blagden's. Charles easily comprehended that Mrs. Blagden's back attic was no place in which to receive a stranger. "And yet"—thought he—"if Mr. Serlingham could bring himself to forego that tincture of false shame which seems always to have formed a part of his character, and

once admit me into his retreat as a friend and countryman whose boyhood he had known, I believe he would from that time feel himself at ease with me."

On the morning previous to Charles Manderfield's departure from London, Serlingham came to the hotel to take leave of him.

"I think"—said the old gentleman—"you told me that you have never visited Boston."

"Strange to say, I have not"—replied Charles.

Our readers will recollect that at this period the intercourse between the American cities was far less than it is now, when rapid steamboats and flying railroad cars seem in our day to set both time and space at defiance. There are still a large number of ladies and gentlemen in Philadelphia who have never visited Boston.

"But, very soon after my return home"—pursued Charles Manderfield—"it is my intention to see all the principal cities on the Atlantic sea-board. My brother Franklin is now on a tour to the West. Can I convey any package or message for you to your friends in Boston? What shall I tell them about you?"

"Tell them nothing"—said the old man, pressing his hand almost convulsively. "To all that is left of them, I still have been able to write, at long intervals; for when I attempt a letter my eyes become more dim and my hand is more tremulous than usual. I am very old now, and very weak. Oh! my young friend, you have found me changed. I am not as you once knew me. You see I am not. But it cannot be helped."

"I hope"—said Charles—"that no serious misfortune has befallen you. Forgive my inquiring if, by any chance, your circumstances are less easy than when our family were in England?"

"No"—replied Serlingham—"my income is the same. My pension, (how I hate the word!) is still continued, and I receive it punctually. But I acknowledge that I have grown very economical—or rather very penurious. I have acquired the habit of regarding even a sixpence as an object of importance. In short (and you will wonder I am not ashamed to make the confession), it has become a pleasure to me to save all I possibly can, and to live almost like a miser. And as such I know I am considered. And yet, there is so little justice in the world's opinion, that I am not regarded with half as much contempt, as if I was really a poor man, and obliged to save and pinch from absolute necessity. But when men become almost superannuated, they must be allowed to indulge in their humours; and this perhaps is mine. Our tastes and feelings are not in our own power. Farewell, farewell, my dear Charles Manderfield. Business may again bring you to England—and I have a presentiment that old as I am, I shall live to see you once more. Though, Heaven knows, you have little inducement to continue an acquaintance with such as I am now. Yet how often do I think over the pleasant intercourse between your family and myself when you all lived in my neighbour-

hood—and when we met every day—and when I had not given up the habits of a gentleman. I am sorry to lose the regard of my friends; but I must continue to go on in my present way. There is, after all, a satisfaction in it, which no one else can understand. But to you, this must seem nothing more than idle talk. I will detain you no longer."

The old man and the young man parted in mutual emotion—tears filling the eyes of both.

"And still!"—thought Charles—"he has not spoken one word of Emma."

Charles Manderfield returned to America; and his account of their friend Serlingham caused much surprise and regret to all the family.

"He was the last man in the world!"—said Franklin—"that I should ever have suspected of turning into a miser. Were I sure that old age would bring such a change upon myself, I would wish to die before I reached my thirtieth year."

The following spring, Charles Manderfield took a journey to Boston; well-furnished with letters that introduced him into the best society of that pleasant and hospitable city. On the evening after his arrival, he made a visit at the house of Mr. Allenworth, an eminent India merchant, to whom he had brought an introduction, and who welcomed him with that frank cordiality which makes a stranger feel as unlike one as possible. The wife of Mr. Allenworth was a young and charming woman; and Charles was invited to a seat at the little table where she had laid down her sewing, and her husband his book on the entrance of their guest.

The conversation had not proceeded far, when Charles Manderfield took an opportunity of inquiring after Colonel Cleland, whom he supposed must be well known to the whole mercantile community of Boston. From Mr. Allenworth he learnt that Colonel Cleland had died suddenly more than four years ago. About a twelvemonth before his death, he had lost a very large sum by endorsing for a younger brother, who, entering largely into unsuccessful speculations, had become a bankrupt, and absconded from the United States. In consequence of this severe shock, other disasters followed, and when the affairs of Colonel Cleland were settled after his death, and all his debts paid, by sacrificing the whole of his real estate, it was found that nothing more than a mere pittance was left for the support of his wife and child. Mrs. Cleland, whose health had been long precarious, survived her husband but two months.

"And their daughter!"—exclaimed Charles. "Is she still living?"

"She is!"—replied Mrs. Allenworth—"and Emma Cleland is one of the loveliest girls in the world. Mrs. Cleland lived so short after the death of her husband, that, the business of the estate not being yet wound up, she was spared the affliction of knowing on her death-bed that Emma would be obliged to depend on her own exertions for a subsistence."

"And where is Miss Cleland now?" inquired Charles.

"Since the death of her mother!"—replied Mrs. Allenworth—"she has boarded in a highly respectable private family. She commenced supporting herself by translating from the French, copying music, making drawings for ornamental work, colouring prints, and sewing for her friends; in short, refusing nothing that she was able to do. But at the end of the first year, she received from an unknown source a remittance which since that time has been repeated quarterly. The agent through whose hands it passes to her, says the donor has interdicted the disclosure of his name and residence, and has enjoined him to secrecy. It is, however, supposed that this money is sent by her runaway uncle, who went to the West Indies, and shortly after married the widow of a wealthy planter; and it is probable he renders this assistance to his niece as a small atonement for the ruin he brought on her father. This accession to her little income, Emma Cleland has devoted to the purpose of taking lessons in miniature painting from a celebrated artist, and also of receiving instruction on the harp from one of our most distinguished musicians. In both these accomplishments she has succeeded so well, that she is now able to maintain herself genteely by painting the miniatures of ladies, and giving instruction on the harp. In Boston, such a girl as Emma Cleland could not lose her place in society, because she preferred the independence of turning her talents to profitable account to living on the often-proffered kindness of her numerous friends; many of whom would gladly have given her a home in their own houses, and desired nothing in return but the pleasure of her society; for she has an excellent and highly cultivated mind, a kind affectionate heart, and she is gifted with unusual powers of conversation."

"So charming a woman!"—observed Charles—"must find friends in all the aged she meets, and lovers in the young."

"Emma Cleland!"—replied Mrs. Allenworth—"has had many admirers; but as yet, I believe I can certify that her heart has remained untouched. The fortunate man that shall make an impression on it is yet to come. It is only within the last year that she has left off her mourning, and occasionally accepted invitations into company. And even now she avoids large parties, and visits in none of those families whose chief recommendations are wealth or fashion."

"I need not ask!"—said Charles—"if Miss Cleland visits Mrs. Allenworth."

"My wife!"—said Mr. Allenworth—"has the happiness of being one of Emma Cleland's most intimate friends. They have known each other from childhood. And fortunately for us, she lives but across the street."

"Sometimes!"—observed Mrs. Allenworth—"I can prevail on Emma to give herself a holiday, and spend it with me. I have engaged her for tomorrow."

"Therefore, Mr. Manderfield!"—said his host—"if you will come and dine with us, you can have



a chance of judging whether my wife's account of her charming friend does justice to the young lady or not."

"I am certain that it is not too partial"—exclaimed Charles, with eager warmth. "And I cannot express my gratitude, my delight, at being thus afforded an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Emma—with Miss Cleland."

"I think"—said Mrs. Allenworth—"I will not apprise her that she is to meet you here."

On the following morning, our young hero (for so we must now call him) found himself restless, *distracted*, and not at all in the vein for business. Two hours before the time, he was ready to present himself at Mr. Allenworth's mansion, notwithstanding that he had bestowed unusual care on his toilet, having put on and taken off all the waistcoats he had with him, and been unusually fastidious in the arrangement of his very beautiful hair. And never was his hair so unsatisfactory as on this important day; so that he had serious thoughts of applying to a *coiffeur*, till he recollected that a head fresh from the hands of a barber always betrays itself. Charles Manderfield had a presentiment that he was going to fall in love.

Finally, he found himself in Mr. Allenworth's drawing-room; and on a sofa beside her hostess for whom she was quilling some lace, sat a young lady to whom an introduction was unnecessary, as he knew her at once for Serlingham's Emma.

He saw before him a being whose loveliness exceeded all he had yet seen of female beauty. Figure, features, complexion, grace, expression—all were such as an artist would delight in painting, fearing only that the most skilful touches of his pencil might give but a faint idea of the inimitable charms with which nature sometimes bids defiance to art.

When Manderfield had a little recovered from his first view of Emma, he commenced a conversation which set her cheeks glowing and her eyes sparkling; for he expatiated on the very favourable impression her native city had made on him as a stranger, and he talked of Boston, and of New England, in a manner that was highly gratifying to both his fair auditors.

The day passed delightfully; and, as he had truly anticipated, Charles Manderfield fell deeply in love with Emma Cleland. In the evening, she played on Mrs. Allenworth's harp; and drew from the instrument tones which seemed to "lap the soul in Elysium." She afterwards accompanied it with a voice, clear, sweet, and melodious; but giving the words with so much heart and mind, that in listening to them the charms of the music were almost unheeded.

When the time of departing came, Charles Manderfield stood ready with his hat in his hand to usurp Mr. Allenworth's privilege of seeing Miss Cleland home; and great was his regret at their walk being only across the street. The door of Emma's dwelling was immediately opened by a domestic; and our hero lingered on the steps, and

at last ventured on requesting permission to visit Miss Cleland at her own residence.

"Remember"—said he, with a smile—"you told me to-day that my father's family (of course including myself) had long since been introduced to you by the letters of Mr. Serlingham. Therefore, we have already been some years acquainted."

"I have, indeed, much to ask you about my grandfather"—replied Emma, after a pause. "And if it will accord with your convenience, I will gladly see you to-morrow morning. I shall be disengaged at twelve."

Precisely at the moment when the numerous church-clocks of Boston began to strike the hour of noon, Charles Manderfield presented himself at the door of the modest mansion "where beauteous Emma flourished fair." He had been walking up and down on both sides of the way, and rounding the corner of the next street, and stopping to gaze at handbills, since a quarter past eleven.

He found Emma alone in her own parlour, having just removed her apparatus for miniature painting. Almost as soon as he was seated, she said to him—

"Mr. Manderfield, I scarcely slept last night from anxiety to learn how my grandfather *really* is. Yesterday I could not but observe that when I alluded to him, you answered briefly, and seemed desirous of changing the subject. Let me now entreat you to be candid, and inform me, *exactly*, how you found him on your recent visit to England."

"He was well"—replied Charles.

"In his letters"—resumed Emma—"he never complains of illness. But though he tries to write cheerfully, I think I can perceive that it is with even more of an effort than formerly. He has ceased to speak of places that he has visited; of new books that he has read; and of new pictures that he has seen. I fear that his habits are changed, and that his enjoyment of life is much diminished. How did you find him? How did he seem to you?"

Charles remained silent.

"Mr. Manderfield"—continued Emma, earnestly fixing her beautiful eyes on his countenance—"forget that our first interview was only yesterday. Answer me sincerely; for I feel that I *must* know the precise truth. In what condition did you find my grandfather?"

"Time has done its work on him"—answered Charles.

"But is it time alone that has changed him? In all his late letters he particularly avoids any reference to the state of his health and spirits. Is he ill? Is his constitution breaking up?"

"At Mr. Serlingham's advanced age"—replied Charles—"it is rarely that a man (even of his regular habits) does not feel his strength diminishing daily."

Emma Cleland's questions now became so urgent and so minute, that they could only be answered by disclosing the whole truth. And finally she drew from Charles an account (related with as much delicacy as possible) of the alteration in her

grandfather's habits and way of living. She listened intently, and scarcely seemed to breathe while listening.

"His pension"—said Emma, sighing deeply—" (oh! that pension!) it has not surely been discontinued."

"He still regularly receives it"—replied Charles. "Therefore, the power of living as formerly still remains with him. But he has certainly become a most strict economist."

Emma Cleland started and turned pale. A shudder seemed to run through her frame. She put her hand to her forehead, and exclaimed—

"A sudden light breaks in upon me! I see it all! I know the whole! The mystery is now solved. Oh! excellent, generous, beloved old man!"

An intuitive surmise of the truth seemed at the same moment to flash upon the mind of Charles Manderfield; and he involuntarily pressed the hand of Emma, as if to apprise her of the sympathetic conjecture. But she was so absorbed in her own feelings that she did not observe his taking her hand in his, till he hastily dropped it on becoming conscious of the freedom.

"I understand it now"—continued Emma, in a half-suffocated voice. And leaning back her head, she covered her face, and a flood of tears came to the relief of her overcharged heart. The eyes of her lover (for so we must now call him) began to glisten, and walking to the window he seemed to look out till the necessity of applying his handkerchief made him turn away, lest he should attract the attention of passengers in the street.

When Emma had become a little composed, and Charles had resumed his seat beside her—"Oh! Mr. Manderfield"—said she—"you little know all the goodness of my dear, dear grandfather. I am certain that our mutual conjectures are pointing exactly right. Had I heard before of the manner in which he has undoubtedly been living for near four years,—a manner so opposite to his real character,—I should soon have guessed the cause, and perceived at once that he was subjecting himself to all these privations for the purpose of saving a portion of his income, and transmitting it secretly to his orphan grandchild. But I was allowed to believe that these quarterly remittances were sent by an uncle, from whom my father sustained a severe loss which accelerated the ruin of his house. This uncle is married to a West Indian lady of large property, and I thought these mysterious sums were compunctious offerings from him. They have been always transmitted through the hands of Mr. Edingley, a merchant residing in Boston, and an old friend of our family, who says he is bound by a solemn promise not to disclose the name or abode of the giver."

"I believe with you"—said Charles—"that the true cause of Mr. Serlingham's hitherto unaccountable self-denial, is his desire to benefit by his savings, his beloved granddaughter. And I can now understand that the consciousness of this 'pious fraud' deterred him, on my late visit to Eng-

land, from even mentioning your name, lest he should inadvertently say something that might give a clue to his secret. His feelings are refined and delicate almost to a fault; and he is so sensitive to false shame that he is even ashamed of his own goodness."\*

"But this must cease"—said Emma—"I can no longer avail myself of these remittances."

"You are right"—replied Charles. "Cheerfully, heroically as Mr. Serlingham has consigned himself to his present mode of life, his heart consoling him with the certainty that his parsimony improves the condition of his beloved Emma—(excuse me, Miss Cleland,)—still I fear that at his advanced age his body can scarcely have strength to sustain him under these self-imposed trials of a spirit so liberal by nature. You will write to him immediately on the subject. What else will you do?"

"Go to him"—answered Emma. "I will embark in the next ship. Gratitude, affection, duty,—all point out my only way. Yes, during the remnant of his life, it shall be my joy, my happiness, to smooth his path to eternity. He shall resume his former manner of living. He shall resume the habits of a gentleman, and shall again be respected as one. His whole pension shall be devoted to his own comfort, and to those rational enjoyments in which he will again take pleasure. His Emma will be no expense to him. In England as in America I can maintain myself by the exercise of such talents as Heaven has bestowed on me. Yes, I will live with my own dear grandfather, and his happiness will constitute mine. Often have I longed to see him; and even in my childhood, how deeply I grieved when I understood from my parents the impossibility of persuading him to return to America; and how I lamented his interdicting a visit from our family. He shall not have the pain of anticipating a separation from me. Once there, I will leave him no more. While he exists, England shall be my country."

"I honour and admire you more than ever"—said Charles. "But I am not surprised; for this resolution is worthy of you."

"Mr. Allenworth"—continued Emma—"will inquire for me how soon the first ship sails for England. The first from Boston, New York, Philadelphia—no matter which, so that it is the earliest. I can be ready to-morrow."

"I will go this moment and make the inquiry"—said Charles—"and as soon as I have ascertained, I will immediately let you know."

She referred him to Mr. Edingley; and he then took his leave, anxious to expedite a plan which he so warmly approved.

Charles Manderfield repaired to the private office

\* The character of Serlingham the refugee, and the leading outlines of his story, are not fictitious. During a residence in London in the early part of her life, he was well known to the author and her family. It is literally true that for a series of years this gentleman subjected himself to the most humiliating privations for the purpose of secretly assisting an indigent grandchild with all he could save from his pension.

of Mr. Edingley, who was one of the oldest of the Boston merchants, and who had been the college companion, and afterwards the intimate friend of the unfortunate Serlingham. To this gentleman, our hero presented a note of introduction from Miss Cleland—concluding with an intimation of her conjecture as to the source from whence the quarterly remittances were derived. And she earnestly entreated Mr. Edingley to send her by this young gentleman, who had been much interested in her grandfather, either a verification or a denial, upon his honour, of the truth of her suspicion.

"The time is now over for all these delicate observances"—said Mr. Edingley. "Here is a letter I received but just now from my ancient friend, and which I intended myself to carry to Miss Cleland; resolving to disclose to her the secret which I find she has guessed already. Yes, it is true. These quarterly sums which passed to her through my hands were indeed the fruits of her grandfather's savings from his pension. For her sake, he has during almost four years voluntarily and perseveringly subjected himself to privations that, under other circumstances, he would have found intolerable. Mr. Manderfield, you may read this letter. The tremour of his hand is apparent in every word."

The letter contained what follows:—

"My dear and ever faithful friend—

"I have tried in vain to bear up against the general debility which for several years has been coming upon me. I have long overrated the remnant of my strength, and I must now give up, and submit to acknowledge myself what I really am—an aged and feeble man, who is rapidly descending that steep at whose foot lies the grave, and I may perhaps be there when this letter reaches you. I have no physician—why should I have one. I know that I am going to die, and that no mortal aid can save me. I feel that the time is fast approaching when my weary soul will be released. In the hope that the fatal error of my life has been expiated by the sufferings it brought upon me, and by the deep repentance and the shame and sorrow with which I have long regarded it, I trust in the mercy of my Creator; and humbly hope that a place may be assigned to me in the world of spirits, from whence I can join her father and her mother who have already gone thither, in watching over our beloved Emma. There I shall see her again, though while on earth I can have no such hope.

"I am going to a land where all is light and truth. Let me prepare myself for it by throwing off all earthly attempts at mystery. Perhaps I may live till it is time for this letter to have reached America. If so, it will be a solace to my dying moments to know that she is at last acquainted with the whole extent of my affection for her. Tell her then, my friend, what I have endeavoured to do in the hope of enabling her to retain that station in society which she so justly merits, and to which she was born. Let her not suppose that the

system of close economy I have pursued to effect this purpose, was without its pleasures. No; with such a motive as the benefit of my dear Emma, it was a happiness; except when I was weak enough to be mortified at meeting friends whom I had known when my outward seeming was better.

"Farewell, farewell; I can write no more to-day. To-morrow I will endeavour to pen a last letter to Emma. It will be a great effort to nerve myself for taking a final leave of her. If I cannot accomplish it, and if none arrives but this, place it in her hand, and let her understand the whole. My chief regret in dying, is that as my pension ceases with my life, I can do nothing more for her.

"For the last time I sign myself,

"Your ever grateful friend,

"WINSLOW SERLINGHAM."

We need not dwell on the grief of Emma Cleland when this letter was brought to her. None was received addressed to herself. All her thoughts were now bent on hastening immediately to Europe; and she felt a persuasion that she should be yet in time, and that her grandfather would be still in existence when she arrived. And if so, that she might have the happiness of cheering the evening of his life, for some months at least, as summer, the favourable season for invalids, was now approaching. His last remittance had accompanied this letter; but Emma resolved on carrying the money back to her grandfather, untouched; having more than sufficient on hand for the expenses of her voyage, and for some time after her arrival.

The first ship that was to sail for England was advertised from Philadelphia; the monthly packet from New York having just departed. To Philadelphia Emma was accompanied by her friends the Allenworths; and by Charles Manderfield, who had already written to his parents a glowing account of his acquaintance with Miss Cleland and its consequences. She was received by all the Manderfield family as if she had belonged to them all her life. They insisted on her staying at their house till the ship sailed, and they prevailed on her friends the Allenworths to accept also of the same hospitality. In those days there was little professed regularity, and less real punctuality, in the sailing of Philadelphia vessels; and that in which Emma's passage had been taken did not get off for a fortnight. When the ship departed, she carried another new passenger in the person of Charles Manderfield; who, more than ever enamoured of Emma Cleland, when he found how disposed his family were to take her to their hearts, had prevailed on her a few days before they sailed, to give him a legal right to protect her on the voyage of life.

Though their passage to England was in reality a short one, their anxiety to arrive made it seem very long. At length they found themselves in London; and Serlingham's last letter having been still dated from Mrs. Blagden's, they immediately sent for a coach, and hastened thither. On arriving,

they were met at the door by that lady, who had just come down stairs as they entered.

"Oh! Master Charles Manderfield"—she exclaimed—"here you are come back again! I don't wonder you find it arduous to keep away from Hengland—dear old Hengland."

Charles hastily introduced his wife, and then inquired after Mr. Serlingham. Finding that the old gentleman still lived, he and Emma desired to be immediately conducted to his room.

"Dear me"—said Mrs. Blagden (as she led the way up stairs)—"what a nice person you have married! But as to poor Mr. Serlingham, he's alive to be sure; but if he had a doctor he'd be given over. He would not have either a physician or a medical man, for he said nothing could do him any good. But being a Christian woman, I couldn't think of letting even a back hattie die without the least bit of doctoring. I got Mr. Jenkinson, my own apothecary, to come and see him. But Mr. Jenkinson did not like mounting up so high and complained of the stairs, and gave no hope, and said the patient might be indulged in everything he liked, which is always a bad sign. But poor Mr. Serlingham seems to want nothing but cold water and hair. Fresh hair is his chief desire; so the window has to be kept open to let it in. It's well the weather is not cold. Whether I'm paid for my trouble or not, I shall continue to do all I can for him. And there never was a sick man milder and more heasily tended. Now my first floor is gone, if he had not been too ill to bear moving, we would have brought the poor old fellow down there to the back chamber, where he might die like a gentleman; and if he was not willing to pay more, I would have charged the same as for the hattie, considering how short a time he has to live. He has been in a deathly doze all day, and I doubt if he gets through the night."

Having conducted them to the attic, Mrs. Blagden left them, saying, "If any thing happens you'll just ring the bell." Desiring Emma to remain for a few minutes outside, Charles Manderfield entered the poor-looking and meanly-furnished apartment, which however was scrupulously neat and clean. In a recess was a coarse red check curtain, which chancing to be drawn aside, displayed two or three shelves on which were deposited a few cheap articles that constituted the little *ménage* of poor Serlingham. He lay extended on a small bed, whose faded calico curtains were tied entirely back to admit the air. His pale and attenuated form showed how long he had suffered, and how soon his sufferings would be over. Charles Manderfield softly approached the bed; and at the same moment Serlingham opened his eyes, and recognizing him immediately, a gleam of surprise and joy shone over his languid countenance. He raised his head, and tried to speak, but was unequal to the effort; and sinking back on the pillow, he could only press the hand of his young friend.

"I have good news for you, Mr. Serlingham"—said Charles—"I have come to make you happy."

The old man faintly shook his head.

"I have brought my wife across the Atlantic on purpose to see you"—continued Charles. "I have brought your Emma."

In a moment the face of Serlingham brightened as if touched with a ray from heaven. A glow came into his cheek; his eyes lighted up. He seemed suddenly endued with a new accession of strength. He sat up in the bed, and looking eagerly round, exclaimed—"Emma! not my Emma—my own long-loved, long wished for Emma! Where is she—where?"

On a sign from her husband, Emma flew to the bedside, and threw her arms round her grandfather.

"It is—it is"—said the old man—"the same, dear Emma, that I held in my arms when she was a little child. And have I lived to see her once again. Oh! how many long days, and long, long nights, have I pined for this—pined without hope—for what hope could I have. I could not be so selfish as to send for her."

"Oh! my dear grandfather"—said Emma—"how soon, how gladly would I have come to you. I know all now. I have read your last letter to Mr. Edingley. And you have been wearing yourself to death for my sake!"

She hid her face on the shoulder of her husband, and sobbed in agony.

"Try, my love, to calm yourself"—said Charles. "See how much better our dear grandfather is already. The sight of you has renovated him. With your excellent nursing, his strength will at last return, and he will yet live to be happy himself, and to increase our happiness."

"Oh! no"—said Serlingham—"the hand of death is upon me. This blessed meeting has only arrested it for a little while. To-morrow's sun will not arise for me. I shall soon die. But how happily now since Emma is with me. I should have known her anywhere. The lovely woman is still so like the lovely child. Oh! how I thank you for coming to cheer my lonely death-bed. The sight of her has indeed most wonderfully brought back my strength, and perhaps it may a little prolong my existence. And she is the wife of Charles Manderfield. Bless you both—bless you, my children."

He paused from exhaustion, and Emma with her handkerchief wiped away the damp that had gathered on his forehead.

"And now"—continued Serlingham—"let me make an effort to urge a last request. When life has departed from my worthless clay, do not convey my poor remains to America. But let me be buried here in the nearest churchyard, with a simple gravestone, and a simple inscription. In the land where he has passed so many years of exile, let the dust of the refugee remain. Where the old tree has decayed and fallen, there let it lie. Were my corpse carried across the ocean, and interred in my native city, it would revive my melancholy story, and bring my misdeeds to the full recollection of my townsmen. My delinquency and its punish-

ment would be cited as an admonitory lesson to their children. Let the veil of oblivion be drawn over my memory. Let me live only in the hearts of the few that love me."

He again became silent, and a shade passed over his face. At length he spoke again, but his voice was now very faint as he said—

"Evening seems to be closing very fast. Is night coming on already? Dear Charles, bring a light, and let me see my children while I can."

His children looked at each other in silence, and Charles pressed the hand of Emma. Pale and trembling she returned the sign. The sun was still two hours high, and they knew that the gloom of approaching death was now obscuring the sight of their grandfather.

"Ah!"—said he, still more faintly—"I understand. All is now darkening around me. Oh! Emma, where are you? Speak once more, while I can still hear you. I am going very fast."

"Beloved grandfather"—said she, in a voice half stifled by sobs.

They saw that he was indeed expiring, as they leaned over to support him in their arms.

"America, my country!"—murmured the dying exile. His hands loosened their grasp from those of his children. His head sunk back. In less than a minute the final struggle had ceased; his life of long suffering was over, and the spirit of Serlingham passed away to the regions of eternal peace—to that heaven from whence he could look down for ever on his beloved Emma.

## THE MINISTER AND THE MERCHANT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

MR. WAYLAND, a wealthy merchant of B—, like most other men, had his hobby, though few rode oftener or faster than he. His hobby was to carp at ministers, who were all, in his estimation, a set of idle fellows, not worth their salt. He belonged to the church because it was respectable, and paid his pew rent when the collector called for it. This last act, however, was never performed with a very good grace. To him, it seemed so much like throwing money away, that it always made him feel cross when the bill was presented. Still, Mr. Wayland was a clever sort of a man. This was only his hobby.

The minister of the church to which he belonged, a Mr. Sefton, received one thousand dollars salary. Mr. Wayland's income was over five thousand a year, and he was still accumulating property with great rapidity. One day two of his personal friends, leading men in the church, called upon him.

"Mr. Wayland," said one of them, after all were seated in a snug little private office back of the merchant's principal counting room, "some of us, who think Mr. Sefton's salary too small for a man with five children to support and educate, have determined to make a direct effort to raise it to fifteen hundred dollars. It will only require ten individuals to subscribe fifty dollars each, and the whole matter is at once and quietly settled. You will make one of the ten of course."

"Indeed, then, and I will not," was the prompt reply, made with some warmth. "Mr. Sefton gets enough for what he does. No man should receive more than a thousand dollars for preaching. If Mr. Sefton wants more, let him go to work like other people, not idle away the whole week, and then get up for a couple of hours on Sunday, and talk a little. No, no, gentlemen! I've no notion of paying a premium on laziness. We've far too many ministers as it is. Every fellow with a little tongue, and too lazy to work, sets up for a preacher, and there are always enough pious ones to be found who are ready to saddle him upon the people. Let them go to work, I say!"

"But, Mr. Wayland," interposed one of his visitors, "I know Mr. Sefton intimately, and can testify that few men in any employment labour as long and as hard as he does."

"Nonsense! Don't tell me about the labour one of your black coats performs. Look at their sleek faces and delicate hands. Labour! Not they!"

"They may not labour with their hands, Mr. Wayland, as some men have to labour, and yet have very hard duties to perform."

"Hard duties! Oh, dear! What kind of hard duty, I wonder, has Mr. Sefton to perform?"

"The labour of mind is hard when compared with bodily labour."

"So your authors, and lawyers, and doctors and preachers will tell you. But I never believed a word of it. It's only one of their pretences to cozen the public out of fat incomes, on which to pamper their laziness. Hard duty! Oh, no! That story wont go down with me. I've seen too much of your preachers in my time. Talk of hard duty, when a man has a whole week to prepare two discourses in. I wish I could get off as easily!"

As Mr. Wayland was now fairly mounted with spurs to his boots, his visitors felt that it would only be wasting time to oppose any kind of argument to his prejudices, and so, after giving him another chance to accept or refuse to make one of the ten who were to pay fifty dollars each towards Mr. Sefton's advance of salary, they bade him good morning, and went their way, to meet with better success in other quarters.

The congregation over which Mr. Sefton had been called to minister, was a large one, and numbered a goodly proportion who were what is called very well to do in the world. There were six men alone, whose aggregate annual income was over eighty thousand dollars. Indeed, the congregation was known as a wealthy one. The building in which they worshipped was a splendid edifice that cost over seventy-five thousand dollars, though, as is too often the case, burdened with a debt of about one half the price of erection. Internally, every thing was rich and elegant. The organ was a most magnificent one. As a set-off to this splendour was a fair proportion of poor, who were by far too little thought of and cared for, except by the pastor and a few benevolent females, whose quiet charities softened many a hard pillow, and dried many a tearful eye.

As has been seen, a salary of one thousand dollars was considered amply sufficient for the minister of this congregation, who, in the ideas of many like Mr. Wayland, had nothing at all to do but to write two sermons a week, and preach them on Sunday, a work in itself, by the way, which, if well done, these same carpers would have found not quite so trifling a matter as they supposed.

But let us look in upon Mr. Wayland himself, and see how he spends his time. It is Sunday morning. From causes not requisite here to be mentioned, at least one third of his sermon for the morning service was written after twelve o'clock on Saturday night. The consequence is, a very uncomfortable headache for Sunday morning, with little or no appetite for breakfast. A cup of tea, and

a small piece of dry toast make up his morning meal, and then he is obliged to leave his family, and retire to his study to prepare for the services of the morning. He has been thus engaged about half an hour, and has just begun to write a fuller elucidation of some point in his discourse that does not seem to him clear enough, when a domestic taps at his door. He learns that there is below a woman very desirous of seeing him. On going down, he finds the wife of a poor parishioner in much distress of mind. Her husband has been taken suddenly ill with pleurisy, and the doctor despairs of his recovery. He is anxious to see his minister.

"I will come immediately after the morning service," he replies to the woman's request. "I am much engaged now, and will be until eleven o'clock."

"But my husband is very ill, and is so anxious to see you. I'm afraid it will be too late." The tearful eyes and trembling voice of his parishioner, added to the solemnly spoken sentence, "I'm afraid it will be too late," prevailed.

"In half an hour I will be there," Mr. Sefton said, and then returned to his study. After hurriedly glancing at the morning service, he placed his sermon, in its rough state, into his pocket, and then started on his visit to the sick man. The walk was a long one, and in a direction from his house opposite to that where the church stood. When he arrived at the humble abode he sought, he found that death had been there, and marked for his own another victim. The man was near his end, but fully conscious of his state. He did not exhibit any fears of death, but his wife and three little ones who were gathered around his bed affected him to tears whenever his thoughts rested upon them.

"I am not afraid to die, but who will take care of these for me?" he said, looking his minister in the face eagerly.

"He that feedeth the young ravens when they cry," was the comforting assurance of the minister. "He who has thus far sustained these, your household treasures, through you as an instrument, will provide for them still. He will, in taking you away, send them their bread in due season through some other channel. Trust in God. They that fear him he will in no wise cast off. His promises are sure. Give up all anxiety. Their Father in Heaven loves them with a tenderer love than you have ever felt for them."

Thus did Mr. Sefton go on to encourage the dying man, all the while that his wife and children hung around his bed in tears. Yet, in the midst of such a trying scene, with the images of his own little ones coming up constantly in his mind, he could not rise above the natural sympathies of our nature. Even while he strove to pour in the oil and wine of consolation, his own heart was aching for the afflictions of those to whom he uttered words of comfort. At the bedside of the dying man he remained for nearly two hours, and then closed his eyes in the deep sleep that knows no waking.

Tearing himself now away from the heartstricken

wife, who needed his strengthening words more than ever, he started for the church in which it was his duty to preach. Looking at his watch, he found that it lacked only five minutes to eleven o'clock, and it would require rapid walking to reach the place of worship in fifteen minutes.

Mr. Wayland, after spending the hours from the time he rose from the breakfast table until church time, in reading a pleasant book, went with his family, as was his custom, to attend worship. He entered his pew just five minutes before the hour of service. At one minute past eleven o'clock, he became uneasy at the prolonged absence of Mr. Sefton from the pulpit. At the second minute he whispered to his wife a complaint at the minister's want of punctuality. Five minutes past, and he became restless and impatient, and leaned over to his neighbour's pew, and uttered half aloud a word of censure. Before the expiration of ten minutes he had disturbed the occupants of twenty pews around him by his restlessness, frequent looking at his watch, and whispered words of complaint to all within his reach. At last Mr. Sefton made his appearance, but Mr. Wayland was only prepared to find fault with, instead of profiting by his sermon.

"Good day, Mr. Wayland!" said a neighbour, as they walked home from church. "How were you pleased this morning?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "In the first place, Mr. Sefton was ten minutes behind his time. Such want of punctuality is unpardonable. Suppose I were to be ten minutes behind my time in paying my note to-morrow. Would I get off as easily as he has done? No indeed! And then, some portions of his discourse were very crude. One part in particular was not at all clear, and was worded with gross inelegance."

It was that very part of the discourse on which the minister was engaged, in the effort to improve it, when he was called to attend the death-bed of a poor parishioner.

Mr. Wayland went home, and partook freely of a luxurious dinner, and then lay down, and slept until it was time to attend the afternoon service. Mr. Sefton, on the contrary, eat sparingly, and then went into his study. Pastoral duties, during the preceding week, had drawn more largely than usual upon his time, and he had only been able to write a portion of his afternoon discourse. Only about an hour and a half remained in which to conclude it, and, although exhausted by the services of the morning, and his feelings excited by the death scene he had witnessed, he was compelled to bend his unwilling mind to the elucidation of a subject that required much concentration of thought. He was just beginning to feel the spirit of his subject, and his ideas just beginning to flow freely, when he was sent for to baptize the sick child of a wealthy member of his church, represented to be at the point of death. The carriage of his parishioner was at the door, and he could not refuse to go. The unfinished sermon had to be laid aside. It was an hour before he could get back, and then it was too late to com-

the discourse. His only resource was to select from the many sermons already preached, one that seemed best suited to the present state of his congregation. To do this, and to make a few alterations, occupied all the time remaining before the hour to begin service.

"Well, Mr. Wayland, how were you pleased with *that* sermon?" asked the neighbour to whom he had expressed his dissatisfaction in the morning.

"The sermon was well enough. But then I heard him preach it word for word about two years ago."

"Oh, no! I should think not."

"Yes, but I did, though. I remember it perfectly. Now, that is what I call a fraud upon his congregation. He is paid for preaching, and pretty liberally too, I should think, for two paltry sermons a-week. And surely, as little as he could do would be to come up to his implied contract. But your gentlemen with black coats love their ease. If they can foist off now and then one of their old sermons, there is so much gained—so many more hours of idleness superadded to their almost useless lives. Ministers, let me tell you, are drones in the social hive; and what is more, we are getting too many of them. They will one day become as thick as the locusts of Egypt, and absolutely eat up the land!"

Happily ignorant of these unkind allusions, Mr. Sefton, from whose thoughts it was hard to expel the painful scene he had witnessed in the morning, felt it to be his duty to call upon the poor bereaved widow before returning home after the close of the afternoon service. Taking with him two benevolent ladies of his congregation, to whom he stated briefly the death he had witnessed in the morning, he proceeded again to the house of mourning. His presence was needed. To the bereaved wife, the affliction seemed more than could possibly be borne. But he had words of comfort, and kind assurances for her. Her doubting, desponding heart, he encouraged, pointing her eye of faith upward, he urged her to trust in Him who has promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless. Thus strengthening her weak faith, and bearing up her sinking heart, he was the means of pouring oil upon the troubled waters of her spirit. He then left her with the ladies of his congregation who had accompanied him. They, in turn, ministered to her natural, as he had done to her spiritual wants.

After tea, Mr. Sefton proposed to spend an hour with his family. They had all assembled in their little parlour, and he had just opened with them a free conversation, when two of his vestrymen came in, and sat for a couple of hours. On their retiring he found himself so much fatigued, from the arduous duties of the day, as to be obliged to go to bed.

During the next week he visited pastorally twenty families belonging to his congregation, and attended two funerals, and afterwards visited three times at each of the houses where the deaths had occurred, to offer consolation to the bereaved. Four times he was called to persons in great affliction of mind from evil courses long persevered in. Once he had to

visit the city prison, and offer what spiritual support he could to a dying convict. At two different times he was engaged for three hours in endeavouring to satisfy a doubting member in regard to some fundamental doctrine of the church. Besides these duties, he attended the meeting of a Bible society, and addressed it at some length, for which considerable preparation had been necessary, visited several sick parishioners, and spent two entire afternoons among the poor of his congregation. And, added to all these duties, studied three hours each day, and prepared two sermons for the next sabbath.

This week was a tolerable average of his regular duties. Severe enough, one would think, if only quiet mental labour, with bodily fatigue were involved. But who would be willing, for any money-consideration that could be offered, to encounter the painful shocks of feeling to which a minister's calling subjects him. He must stand beside the bed of the sick and the dying, and listen to the widow's lamentations, and look upon the orphan's tears. He must go to the prison, and sit down in his narrow cell with the man of crime, and be witness to the agonies of a guilty conscience aroused by the fear of impending death, nay, more, must stand beside the doomed felon upon the scaffold! When sudden calamity falls upon any member of his flock, he has to be a witness of the spirit's anguish. In a word, he has to bear a portion of every sorrow that touches the hearts of his people, to weep with those that weep, though too rarely granted the blessed privilege of rejoicing with those that rejoice.

Amid these arduous duties through which he had to pass, Mr. Sefton would have felt all that calmness of mind that results from the consciousness of duty performed from right ends, had not the insufficiency of his income to meet all the increasing wants of his large family led to constant disquietude. The dread of debt haunted him like a frightful spectre. And yet, economize as he would, he found that, when his quarter's salary was paid to him, it was insufficient to meet his grocery, meat and dry-goods' bills. The effort to increase his salary, notwithstanding Mr. Wayland's refusal to do any thing, was successful. Nothing had been said to the minister relative to this increase. It had been made at the instance of two or three friends, who thought about him much more than did the other members of his well-served congregation. He had collected in all his bills, as usual, at the expiration of the current quarter, and found that they amounted to three hundred and twenty-five dollars, there having been balances against him at both of the preceding quarterly periods tending to swell the amount of his indebtedness. With these bills spread out before him, he sat in some perplexity of mind, when one of his vestrymen waited upon him to pay him his salary.

"There is a mistake," said Mr. Sefton, after he had counted over the money. "Here are three hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"No, it is all right. Your salary has been raised to fifteen hundred dollars," was the pleased reply.

The minister said nothing, but if Mr. Wayland



present, he might have wished that himself were one of the ten who had contributed to make the so much needed increase of compensation. There is a language that reaches the heart quicker than words.

It was about three months from this period that an only daughter of Mr. Wayland's, a lovely girl, just sixteen, who was idolized by her father, was taken sick. Her constitution had always been delicate, and now, symptoms of a very grave nature began to exhibit themselves, such as to give her physician a good deal of concern. These continued gradually to increase, until her family began to be much alarmed, and in particular her father. Never having looked above and beyond the mere natural good things of life, the visible and tangible things of the senses, he had no hopes beyond this world, no desire to possess other than earthly blessings. Of course he clung with warm affection to every thing he called his own. Of all his treasures, this only daughter was the dearest. She was the apple of his eye. From the hour of her birth up to the present moment, his love for her had grown stronger and deeper; and now, when the first fear of losing her startled his mind, it produced an anguish of spirit that was intolerable.

"What do you think of Laura now, Doctor?" was asked at every visit of the physician, and in a more anxious tone on each recurring day.

But the doctor could not give any well grounded assurance that Laura was even no worse than before. His practised eye could not be deceived; the maiden was gradually declining, in spite of all the aids of medicine, and this fact he felt it to be his duty not to conceal. As for Laura, she seemed conscious that her days were numbered, but she had no fears. To her innocent mind, there were no terrors in the dark avenue that leads from this to a brighter world. From early childhood she had been interested in a peculiar manner in whatever had relation to worship. The Bible had ever been her favourite book. Hour after hour, even when but a little girl, would she sit with the sacred volume in her lap, reading over its absorbing histories. As she grew up, she evinced an unusual sweetness of temper. All who knew her, loved her. Of course, she filled a large place in her father's heart, even though he sympathized not with the heavenward aspirations of her innocent heart.

After Laura had been confined to her room for a few weeks, Mr. Sefton called to see her. This was before Mr. Wayland had felt any alarm. He was received with courtesy, but it was the courtesy of a man of the world. There was no life in it. Mr. Wayland was willing that he should visit his daughter if it gave her any pleasure. Further than that he felt altogether indifferent. To Laura, the visit was one of comfort. She loved, and confided in, her minister. He had always been to her the medium of just such truths as she needed in her efforts to lead a life of real charity. Now, weary with days and nights of pain and confinement, she needed more than ever his words of encouragement,

and his timely precepts. These were afforded her, and from this cause her pastor's visit proved peculiarly delightful.

From this time Mr. Sefton came regularly, although her father studiously avoided being present in her chamber while he was with her. Religion, he thought, was well enough for women, but for men it was rather a childish affair, and he did not care about mixing himself up with it. Time passed, and, as has been said, Laura's disease assumed a threatening aspect. The doctor looked grave, and answered all questions in very few words, and with evident reluctance. Mr. Wayland became alarmed, and finally had two other physicians called in. These held long consultations, and tried various new remedies, but all to no purpose. The invalid gradually but surely declined.

Six months from the time Laura Wayland took to her chamber, she was considered by all, even her own agonized parents, to be past hope. The father no longer turned from the minister, whose daily visits seemed to afford his child so much comfort. He even began to look to him, and to hang upon his words. The affliction was from above. The hand that held the rod was no human and visible hand, but the hand of an invisible but ever-present God. When life went on smoothly as a quiet stream, he neither thought of, nor cared for the just and wise Being, whose providence is intimate in all the relations of life, and who loves his erring creatures too well to permit them to rest satisfied with the natural good things of this life, when he has in store for them infinite and eternal things in the life which is to come. That this terrible affliction was from His hand, Mr. Wayland felt, and when, in the agony of a crushed and despairing heart, he turned to Mr. Sefton with a feeling similar to that of the drowning man who reaches out to clutch the straw that floats beside him upon the surface of the water, that individual's words fell upon his ear with a new and deeper meaning than he had ever perceived them to contain. He had heard him preach sermons consolatory of the afflicted, but there was no power in them for his heart. But now, the strong hand was upon him, he was in the pit, dark, and damp, and cheerless, and the feeblest ray was looked to as a glimmer of hope.

Finally the end came. The lamp of life had been gradually sinking lower and lower, and at last only glimmered feebly in the socket. All through a pleasant day in October, Laura had been in a kind of half waking sleep. Mr. Sefton had called in as usual, but she did not seem conscious of his presence. Night came, but there was no change. About ten o'clock the minister again called in, but she did not notice him, or, indeed, any one. During all his visits to the sick girl, he had evinced a tender interest in her, that touched more and more the feelings of the father each time the minister came into his child's sick chamber. He saw that there must be, and was, a motive for this constant attendance upon, interest in, and ministrations to the spiritual wants of Laura, that could not have any merely

worldly consideration as an end. Such fruits, he knew, grew not upon trees of man's planting. He understood human nature, perverted human nature, well enough for that. He had only to question his own heart.

"If there is any marked change in her before morning, send for me," Mr. Sefton said, in a husky whisper, as he grasped the father's hand on turning towards the door. 'There were tears in the eyes of the minister, and Mr. Wayland saw them.

Deeply touched by the scene he had witnessed, especially so by the despairing grief of the parents at the loss they were about to sustain, Mr. Sefton returned home, and, instead of retiring for the night, went up to his study. His mind was too much excited to permit him to sleep, and, therefore, he preferred a solitary hour for tranquillizing meditations. He had, too, a foreshadowing consciousness that Laura would not see the light of another natural morning, and he wished to keep his mind prepared for the last scene. He had remained alone in his study until near twelve o'clock, when his front door bell was rung loudly, causing his heart to bound with a quicker motion.

"And now comes the last trial!" he murmured as he arose, and descended to answer the midnight summons. Instead, however, of finding Mr. Wayland, or a messenger from him at the door, he was met by a poor woman of his parish, the unfortunate wife of a drunken husband.

"Oh, Mr. Sefton!" she said in a tremulous voice as her eye fell upon her minister, "I wish you would come home with me. John is in such a dreadful way!"

"What is the matter with your husband, Mrs. Lyon?" asked the minister.

"Indeed, sir, I don't know. But he is in an awful way! He came home to-day sober for the first time he has been so for a long, long while. He looked pale and serious. I said nothing, but I felt concerned. He drunk a cup of tea, but didn't taste a mouthful of any thing to eat at supper time. Then he went wandering about the house, as if in search of something, for he only stayed a little while in one place. I felt troubled, but said nothing. Sometimes he would come and sit down beside me, where I sat sewing, and draw his chair close up to mine, looking slowly and somewhat fearfully around the room as he did so. After sitting in this way for a little while, he would arise quickly, as if from a sudden resolution, take up a light, and walk firmly up stairs. He did not stay long, however.

"John, what is the matter?" I asked several times.

"Oh, nothing! nothing!" he would answer, affecting a look of unconcern. At last he came close up to me, and whispered, with a blanching cheek, as he turned his eyes fearfully to a dark corner of the room—

"See there, Jane!"

"See what?" I asked.

"Don't you see that snake coiling himself up there just ready to spring upon me?" I started to

my feet in alarm, glancing towards the corner of the room as I did so. But I saw nothing. 'It has been after me all the evening, and will be on me yet!' continued my husband, shrinking away. 'There!' he suddenly screamed in an agony of terror, and darted from the room. I followed him up stairs, and tried my best to convince him that there was no snake in the house—that I had seen nothing. I wanted to get him to bed, and at last persuaded him to lie down. But he soon jumped up in terror, saying that the snake was in the bed. And so it has been ever since, Mr. Sefton, and he is getting a great deal worse. He says now, that the devil is after him, and he wants to see you. Won't you come and see him?"

"Certainly I will, Mrs. Lyon," was the unhesitating reply. "But he needs a doctor more than a minister, I am thinking, and must have one."

Mr. Sefton, after leaving word where he was going, put on his hat and cloak, and went with the woman. He found the poor broken down inebriate in even a worse condition than his wife had described him.

"You must go for a doctor immediately. I will remain with your husband until you come back," he said to Mrs. Lyon. The wife departed, and the minister was alone with the poor wretch labouring under that frightful disorder, the drunkard's mania.

About twenty minutes after Mr. Sefton left his home, the carriage of Mr. Wayland drove up, and the rich merchant stepped from it, and stood at the door of the minister a suppliant for a favour that no other man on earth could give him, a favour that all his money could not purchase. His child had aroused up, and asked for her kind spiritual guide. She was conscious that her end had come, and in the last mournful season of parting with father, mother and friends, desired his presence who in health had pointed out to her the right path in life. And no less anxious were the heart-stricken parents for the minister's sustaining words in that last, sad hour of their daughter's earthly life.

"Mr. Sefton is not at home," was the answer he received from the half dressed domestic who answered the bell.

"Mr. Sefton not at home at this hour!" he said in surprise.

"No sir. He was called out a little while ago to a sick man."

Even in that anxious moment, a thought of how he had wronged by unjust imputations the minister whose duties were thus discharged in the midnight watches, while he slept peacefully upon his downy pillow, forced itself upon his mind. Learning the place to which he had gone, he directed his coachman to drive him there. It was a low hovel in a mean and distant portion of the city before which his carriage stopped.

"This is the house," said the servant, as he opened the carriage door.

Mr. Wayland knocked, but no one answered. He listened. His ear caught a distant groan. Then a cry of terror, loud and distinct.

"Are you sure this is the house?" he asked.

"O yes, sir. This is it. John Lyon lives here. He is my countryman, and I know him well enough."

Lifting the latch, Mr. Wayland entered, his coachman by his side. A wild cry of terror came from an upper room as the door was thrown open. Springing up the stairs, he was alarmed to find a strong man, with a countenance of the most abandoned terror, struggling in the arms of the minister, who was exerting all his strength to prevent him from getting to the window and throwing himself out. The entrance of the two men quieted in some degree the poor wretch. He knew the coachman, and shrunk instantly to his side.

In a few moments it was arranged that the coachman should remain with John until the doctor came, and Mr. Wayland ascend the box, and drive the minister to his house. This was accordingly done, and the merchant, as he guided the swiftly pacing horses, could not help thinking of the minister of whom he had so often spoken lightly and contemptuously, with a feeling akin to reverence.

We need not linger with the reader about the dying pillow of one who ere the morning broke was the guest of angels. The end of our story is fully apparent. Mr. Wayland looked ever after upon the minister's calling with different eyes. In that deeply trying hour, when his heart was bleeding at every pore, how full of consolation were the words of him whom he had despised when all things were fair and bright as a summer day. He never could forget the deep, earnest tenderness with which Mr. Sefton took his hand, after the last sad act of burial had been performed, and he had returned with him to his desolate home, and said—

"You have not left your sweet child in that cheerless spot. She is not there, but has risen, and is now with the blessed angels. You have therefore a rich treasure in heaven, and where our treasure is, there will our hearts be also. Henceforth there exists a link between your heart and heaven. An electric chain to thrill your soul with holy aspirations. Look up then, and see even in this painful bereavement a dispensation of infinite mercy. Look up, and your child shall again be restored to you."

For weeks and months afterwards the minister and the merchant often met. The latter saw with different eyes, and estimated by a different standard. He saw that the office that Mr. Sefton held was one of great trial and unremitting toil. That it involved constant self sacrifice, and constant shocks of feeling. He had not only to bear his own burdens, but when any one of his members was tried in the furnace of affliction, he had to stand by them, and share their griefs, and take off a portion of their sorrows. And for all this, a ministration that no mere temporal reward could in any way compensate, his earthly remuneration was a closely calculated pittance, too often grudgingly bestowed, while a large portion of his congregation had with him not the remotest sympathy. As months and years passed away, and the keenness of his sorrow wore off, the society of the minister became less and less attractive to Mr. Wayland. Natural ends were strong with him, and he pursued after natural goods with eagerness. But he was liberal in his contributions to the support of public worship, and never would permit a minister to be alluded to lightly, without a reproof.

## THE HOLE IN THE SLEEVE.

A NOVELLETTE.

BY MRS. E F. ELLET.

[The following story is rather condensed than translated, from one of Zochokke's tales. Some liberties, also, have been taken with it.]

### CHAPTER I.

In my young days, I used to hear many odd stories of Mr. Marbel. People looked upon him as a very eccentric person—in fact, a kind of fool; and he used to say he did not wonder at their judgment, inasmuch as they acted on different principles from his, and had different ends in view. Mr. Marbel was a very rich man, who had made all his wealth; for he began with little or nothing, and rose from a clerkship to be partner in one of the best houses in Hamburg. Several voyages to India had also greatly promoted his interests.

In order to have some one to take care of his property during his frequent absences, he married a poor orphan girl, who had, in truth, no home. He saw her one day as he rode into a country village, sitting weeping by the wayside. On asking her what was the matter, she replied, "My mother is dead, and I have nowhere to go."

"Come with me," said he; "I will take care of you." He took her to the village, and thence sent her to his own residence. Six months afterward he married her.

"He is a fool!" said his friends. "He might have chosen among the prettiest and richest maidens in the country; but he would rather pick up a poor damsel from the high road."

Mr. Marbel smiled, and repented not of his choice; for she was virtuous and affectionate.

He soon after gave up business, placing his money out at interest; for he thought himself rich enough. His friends laughed at his folly. "Scarcely forty-five years old," said they, "and to retire so soon! Now is the time for speculation, when he has both means and experience."

But Mr. Marbel contented himself with observing that he was determined to eat the bread he had earned, while his teeth remained to him.

Notwithstanding his wealth, he lived in a small house, and in the most simple manner possible; dressed very plainly, and kept neither coach nor horses; saw no company; in short, a mechanic in the town spent as much in living as he. But he frequently made costly presents to the common people. He would marry young couples, and set them up in life at his own expense; he would buy the release of peasants' sons from military service; he would pay lawyers for clients who were wholly unknown to him. He was always ready to interest

himself in the affairs of poor people, and spared no expense to do them good. But when persons of rank and influence came to borrow of him, he had nothing to lend.

"He is a blockhead!" said his friends. "He might make himself distinguished; the first men at court would attach themselves to him. He might be elevated to the rank of a nobleman, if he chose."

"Indeed," would Mr. Marbel reply, "I am poorer than you think. I have need of every penny of my money."

"How can that be? Is not your yearly income at least thirty thousand guilders?"

"Granted; but I require two thousand for my own expenses, and the rest belongs to those who have need of it. God has made me the steward of his poor!"

In one and the same year, Mr. Marbel lost his excellent wife and two lovely children. He was again alone, and his friends endeavoured to console him; but he repelled their consolations.

"My wife and children yet live," said he, "in a better world, where I hope soon to join them. It were selfish in me to be in despair, because they are happy. Rather let me prepare myself to partake of their happiness."

### CHAPTER II.

Notwithstanding, Mr. Marbel felt his loss severely, so that home was now a desert to him. By advice, he travelled for his health; and change of scene improved his spirits. He visited all the provinces of his native land, and on his return, the country around the capital, as well as all the places of popular amusement.

One day he was walking in one of the public gardens, which was full of people, as it was the afternoon of a holiday. Their gaiety was ere long interrupted by a thunderstorm; the people on its approach ran in every direction for shelter. Mr. Marbel did not much regard the blustering wind, and walked on very much at his leisure, while the broad alley was almost deserted, and clouds of dust were whirling all around him. Just then, the young princess Amelia came out of a grove on the left; she was attended by two chamberlains, and behind her walked a couple of officers,

so had much ado to keep the plumes on their caps from being torn off by the wind. Suddenly a furious gust came upon them, carried away the princess's veil, and lodged it in the top of a high fir tree.

"My veil!" screamed the princess; "bring me my veil! I must have it; it was my mother's new year's gift."

The men held their caps fast on their heads, looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders.

"I will not stir from here till I have my veil!" cried the princess—her eyes filling with tears.

The attendants looked in embarrassment to the top of the tree, where the veil fluttered in the wind. It was at least seventy feet from the ground. They protested, one and all, that they could not venture to climb the tree.

Besides Mr. Marbel, there had been another spectator to this scene; a ragged beggar boy about twelve years old, who now came forward. "I will get the veil for the lady if she orders me," said he, measuring with his eyes the height of the fir tree.

"Fetch it, then—quick!" was the cry from all the men; and the boy hastened to climb the tree. He went from bough to bough with great agility, and was soon lost to view among the leaves, till he re-appeared on the very top. The wind blew more fiercely than ever, and swayed backwards and forwards the slender branch to which the boy was clinging. Mr. Marbel shuddered as he looked; the officers laughed. The princess clapped her hands with joy, when she saw her treasure in his hand; but presently cried out—"Ah! I hope the careless fellow will not tear it!"

The boy descended from the tree in safety, and brought the veil, which the princess received, and then ran to seek shelter from the storm. Her attendants followed, one of them first throwing a few coins to the lad, who picked them up and examined them.

Mr. Marbel had been much interested in the boy's open and honest face. He also had his hand in his pocket, to reward him for what he had done. "How much have you got?" asked he.

The boy showed him the coins in his hand, which was soiled and bleeding from the rough bark of the fir tree.

"Five ha'pennies," said he. "Here then, my boy," and he gave him a handful of small coins.

The lad was astonished at his good fortune. He looked; now at the money, now at the giver, and asked, "Is this all for me?"

"All. And what do you mean to do with it?"

"I hardly know myself. Buy some new clothes—live like a lord."

"Have you a father?"

"No; I have had none for two years. My father was a soldier, and was killed in the wars; my mother is dead now, and I am a little beggar."

"Give me back the money, child."

"All, sir?"

"Yes, all."

The poor boy restored the coins, but a few tears chased each other down his sunburnt cheeks.

"Give me the ha'pennies too, my lad."

"No—they belong to me."

"My boy, you shall have no more need of money; you shall beg no more. I will take you home with me, and you shall be my son, if you are good. Will you go with me?"

"Oh! yes, sir."

"Have you any more money?"

The little fellow produced from his pockets a few half pence and a piece of dry bread. Mr. Marbel took them, and they went home together.

### CHAPTER III.

Conrad Eckbert, for that was the boy's name, was clothed simply, but comfortably, and given a bed-room and a straw mattress in the house of his protector. This was a great improvement of his condition, for he had been used to sleeping in the open air, and going frequently the whole day without food. He was happy, therefore, and proved so obedient, diligent, and grateful, that Mr. Marbel resolved to give him a good education. He sent him to school, where his progress was astonishing; for he applied himself earnestly to his studies, hoping to please thus his benefactor.

We need not dwell upon his school days, nor the first years of his residence with Mr. Marbel. The latter received him at his own table, where, however, the fare was as simple as in a peasant's cottage. Every week Conrad received half a dollar; not to be spent, however, for his own gratification, but expended for the benefit of others. His protector exacted this, and on every occasion inculcated the duty of doing good to the poor.

The day that Conrad was sixteen, Mr. Marbel gave him four hundred dollars. "We will now divide our housekeeping expenses," said he. "You must clothe yourself and pay your teachers; paying me besides a small sum for board and lodging every quarter. The rest is your own—manage for yourself."

Every quarter Conrad brought in his reckoning. Mr. Marbel observed him closely, and was pleased to see that though he was sparing as a miser in his own personal expenditures, he was liberal in assisting others. At the end of the year he had a hundred and twenty dollars remaining. This was put out at interest, and he received again four hundred.

This went on till the lad was twenty years old. Then Mr. Marbel resolved to send him to the university, and gave him money to defray his expenses for three years, with a great store of good advice. "After three years are expired," concluded he, "you must earn your own living. I shall give you nothing more."

But he redoubled his sage counsels as the hour drew near for Conrad's departure; urging him to

the cultivation and practice, day by day, of those good principles he had for eight years been endeavouring to plant in his mind.

"Once more," said he, "despise not what is insignificant or mean, merely because it is so. Does not the snow white lily, or the gorgeous tulip, have its root in the dark earth? You see me rich and respected. Know you how I rose to this elevation? By having learned to sew.

"You can scarcely believe it; and yet it was thus. I was fourteen years old; could read, write, and draw up accounts, and was a poor mechanic's son. My father had but little money, and knew not what to do for me. I had a playmate and friend, named Albrecht, who was as careless as myself, as fond of frolic, and as wild in the pursuit of diversion. We spent a great deal of profitless time together, and our mothers complained that they could never keep our clothes whole.

"One day we were sitting on a bench in one of the public gardens, telling each other what we would wish to be in after life. I chose to be a lieutenant; Albrecht a general.

"'You will never be any thing—either of you!' cried a well dressed old gentleman, with a powdered wig, who stood behind the bench, and had heard our childish conversation.

"We started up; and Albrecht asked, 'Why do you think so, sir?'

"The old man answered, 'I see by your clothes you are the children of respectable people, and yet you are born to be beggars; or else, would you have such holes in your sleeves?'

"He pointed with his cane to each of our elbows. I reddened with shame, and Albrecht also.

"'If there is no one at your house who knows how to sew,' continued our monitor, 'why do you not learn yourselves? Better mend the rents in your coats before you talk of becoming lieutenants and generals!'

"We made no reply to the old man. I went home not a little mortified. I asked mother to teach me how to sew, intending to learn in sport; and afterwards when my clothes were torn, I mended them on the spot. This habit of carefulness caused me also to keep myself clean. I often thought on the words of the old gentleman, and drew inferences from them. A few stitches would save a coat; a handful of lime repaired the breaches of a house; a pailful of water applied in time might extinguish a fire; dollars grew out of pennies; tall trees out of little seeds.

"Albrecht did not take the lesson thus to heart. We were both recommended to a shopkeeper; he tried us both, and gave the place to me—as he said afterwards, because he saw that my dress was always carefully attended to, while that of Albrecht was neglected.

"'He will never make a merchant,' remarked the shopkeeper; and I thought of the old gentleman in powdered wig, and the hole in the sleeve.

"My habit of observing small things led me to notice many holes, both in my own sleeve and that

of others. My employer, for instance, had a large one; for he was capricious, harsh and despotic, and often reproached me unjustly. I at first withstood him; but presently I looked at my own elbows, and thenceforth I contented myself with doing right, even though I had no other reward than a good conscience.

"Step by step I bettered my fortune. I became an eminent merchant. God's blessing was on all I did; but under Him, I owe success to my uniform attentions to small matters, and to the fact that I was always ready to mend where a stitch was wanting. Now, dear Conrad, go to the university; study law. But remember the old man in the powdered wig, and be careful of the least hole in your sleeve."

#### CHAPTER IV.

Conrad went to Gottingen, passed through the three years of his studies with great credit, and received his diploma. Before settling himself for life, he resolved to make the tour of Europe. His stock of money was indeed small, and he expected nothing from Mr. Marbel; but he hit on a method of defraying his expenses. He served an apprenticeship to several mechanics in order to learn their different trades, thus providing himself with an un-failing resource.

Mr. Marbel had just returned one evening from his customary walk, and had entered the house, when a youth dressed like a mechanic, his knapsack on his back, presented himself at the door, and begged to speak with him. He was the bearer of a message from Conrad, who had not been heard of for some months.

Mr. Marbel looked hard at him. "It is Conrad himself!" cried he. "Ha! you are playing at comedy. Is this the coming out of our Doctor of Laws?"

Conrad smiled, and said, "I have the doctor in my knapsack; he is my journeyman carpenter. I have my diploma and letters with me. Now I am going to visit strange countries. I come only to see you once more, dear father, and ask your blessing."

Mr. Marbel embraced his foster-son, and kept him with him a month. At the end of that time, Conrad departed on his travels. He went through Germany, then across the Alps, through Italy, to Rome and Naples. Then by sea to France; labouring at his trades in Lyons and Paris to obtain the means of going further. He remained a year in London, and afterwards visited Stockholm and Petersburg. Wherever he went, the labour of his hands supplied him with the necessities of life; and the evenings and holidays were spent in visiting objects of curiosity.

After four years absence he returned to Germany, and stood once more before the house of his foster father. According to his request, he had written

every three months; but for a long time had received no letters from Mr. Marbel. Was the excellent old man no longer living? His heart sunk within him when he learned from the neighbours that he had long ago sold that house and left the city. He lodged that night at a hotel; and the next day, having changed his dress, waited upon the old banker, Schmidt, Mr. Marbel's most intimate friend.

The banker received him with joy. "Praised be Heaven," he cried, "that I see you once more. Our good friend, as you know, is gone to India. He has left with me two hundred louis'd'ors, to be delivered to you on your return."

"Gone to India!" repeated Conrad; and the tears stood in his eyes.

"Did you not know that? They gave him no peace here; the prince was determined to make a noble of him. His rejection of the royal favour was construed into disrespect, and he had enemies enough to represent him as a revolutionist. He found it necessary to leave the country, and a speculation in India was a convenient excuse. It is now eighteen months since his departure."

The young man was astonished, and declared that if he knew where to find his benefactor, he would immediately follow him. The banker opposed this resolution, and represented that his old friend would be better pleased if his protégé should pursue his plan, which was that he should embrace the profession of the law.

One day, after a few weeks had passed, the banker came into Conrad's room with a newspaper in his hand. "I have found a capital situation for you," said he. "Mr. Wallenroth has advertised for an agent to look after his estate in the country. Seven hundred guilders salary, and no expenses for living, wood, light. What say you? Have you a mind to apply?"

Conrad assented.

"Come with me, then, my lad. Let me dispose of you in your father's stead. Wallenroth is a special friend of mine. 'Tis the very place to suit you."

They repaired together to the house of Mr. Wallenroth. He was an elderly gentleman, of very prepossessing countenance.

"I have not, indeed," he said to Conrad, "the honour of your acquaintance; but my friend Schmidt answers for you. You, and no other, shall have the place. But I will explain my views. I find it necessary to be absent on political business at Paris, probably for some years. I wish you to take charge of my estates at Altech; to be not merely my agent, but to fill the very place I should occupy. The steward will be subordinate to you. You must not only receive my rents, but employ your energies to better the condition of my tenants, and to improve them—for they are a rough and ignorant set. I have been able to do little among them, as the estate has only been mine for about a year. I give you *carte blanche* for every thing; in short, you must exercise all the rights that belong

to me. The moneys may be sent every year to my friend Schmidt, who will transmit them to me."

Conrad would fain have declined an undertaking of so much responsibility, on account of his ignorance of the management of country estates; but Mr. Wallenroth would take no refusal, and even offered to double the salary rather than lose his services. To the question, how he could justify such boundless confidence, he replied by pointing to the banker.

All was then arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, when Mr. Wallenroth added another condition.

"You have authority," said he, "over all who are near you, with one exception; a lady named Walter, the widow of a priest, and quite destitute, to whom I allow a moderate pension, and a home under my roof. Madame Walter will reside in the house with you, and I hope you will find her society agreeable."

In a few weeks, Mr. Wallenroth went with Conrad to Altech, made him acquainted with the details of his agency, and ushered him formally upon the discharge of its duties. He also presented him to Madame Walter.

## CHAPTER V.

It would prolong this story too much to detail the operations of Conrad, or the various improvements he endeavoured to carry into effect upon the estate, and among the tenants, who were rude, but honest peasants, grateful for the kindness manifested towards them. Suffice it to say—his time was fully and usefully occupied, and his letters to the banker declared that he was quite happy, and that he found Madame Walter a most agreeable inmate. She relieved him of the trouble of house-keeping, and enlivened the evenings with pleasant conversation.

After some time she announced to him that she expected home from a neighbouring town her daughter Josephine. This young lady came in due time, and was received with great courtesy and respect by Conrad, who thought he had never seen so beautiful a creature.

Ere long, he found his regular course of life somewhat ruffled. Josephine was fond of walking and riding, and the pleasure of accompanying her sometimes caused him to think his more serious duties irksome, if they interfered. Then his sleep at night was disturbed by dreams of the lovely girl. In short, he said to himself—"I cannot live so quietly where there is a young lady in the house."

The young man found these new occupations appropriating too large a share of his attention, and was dissatisfied. He applied himself to business with redoubled diligence. The daughters of his tenants were many of them idle and improvident; for their benefit he instituted a school of all kinds of work, and insisted particularly that attention should be paid to the department of *sewing*.

"Where there are rags in a house, there is sure to be dirt," said he; and he called to mind the counsels of his foster father. Alas! while Conrad was pointing out the rents in the garments of the poor people, he was unconscious that he had a hole in his own sleeve!

He became aware of this when Josephine and her mother left Altech on a visit to the town, and the young girl seemed to feel no sorrow at parting with him. The four weeks of their absence passed as tediously as if they had been four years. Conrad was unhappy; he resolved to observe more coldness towards Josephine after her return, and formed many sage resolutions; but a sight of her smiling, blooming face, as she held out her hand to greet him, put them all to flight. The peace of the house was once more disturbed by the sound of harp and piano, and her gay songs. She seemed not to notice the young man's embarrassment; though she would often look at him a long time in silence, when he was not observing her.

## CHAPTER VI.

One morning, while the family were seated at breakfast, came in an express messenger from the banker Schmidt. Conrad read the letters he brought, and turned deadly pale. Without saying a word to the ladies, he then dismissed the messenger, and shut himself up in his chamber, not even coming down to dinner. Madame Walter herself carried him some food; she forbore to question him as to the cause of his disquiet, though her looks showed the sincerest sympathy.

Conrad understood this mute language. He reached out his hand to her, and said—

"Thanks, my dear Madam, for your friendship. I must leave you to-morrow at daybreak; you will have another agent at Altech. I will tell you more perhaps this evening."

"How!" cried the lady, in astonishment—"you leave us! And forever?"

"I fear so."

"And, in pity, why? Can Mr. Wallenroth

—"

"I will tell you more this evening," cried Conrad, overwhelmed with grief.

The old lady left the chamber weeping. The young man remained to consider what he should do; at length his resolution was formed. He had a friend in the next town, a skilful young advocate, whom he regarded as in all respects fit to succeed him in the management of the estate; him he determined to recommend to Mr. Wallenroth. He spent the rest of the day in writing down instructions how to carry out the plans of improvement he had devised, and afterwards packed up his own wardrobe. He had nothing less in view than a voyage to India.

The banker had sent him a letter from Mr. Marbel written to Schmidt from Calcutta. It appeared

that the good old man had been unfortunate, his affairs having fallen into the utmost disorder from the villany of one of his agents. He was unable even to fee a lawyer to undertake his business, or to pay the expenses of his return to Europe. His health was too feeble to permit him to work; and in a foreign country, without friends, his condition was truly pitiable. He entreated the banker, if Conrad Eckbert could be found, to tell him of his misfortunes, and that all his hopes rested on him. His presence in India would be the greatest of all consolations, and especially desirable; but if he could not come in person, the banker was directed to implore him to send his foster-father a sum of money for his present support.

The letter concluded by soliciting the banker, in case Eckbert could neither come nor send money, or in case of his absence or death, to forward his old friend what might suffice to make his last days comfortable.

Schmidt had accompanied this sad letter by one of his own, in which he gave advice to the following purpose:—

"Do not suffer yourself, my dear young sir, to be concerned about Mr. Marbel; I will myself, from regard to our ancient friendship, do what is necessary for him. It is best that you should not leave Altech, or risk a voyage to India, where you might lose your own life, merely to prolong the feeble existence of an already aged man. No—remain; you are bound also to my friend Wallenroth, and must carry out the work you have begun. He is at present in Regensburg, whence in a short time he will go to Paris; he alone would have the right of releasing you from your engagements—for you are not a man to forfeit your word. Should you think proper to forward any remittance to Mr. Marbel, I will send it speedily and safely; in that case, write to me without loss of time. To prevent any misapprehension on the part of Mr. Marbel, I will tell him I know not of your place of residence."

"No! no, Mr. Schmidt," cried Conrad, with quivering lip, while the tears stood in his eyes; "your kind deceptions will not do for me! I expected better counsel, and find I was mistaken in you! I am Marbel's son, whom he protected and educated; I will go to India, to assist my father!"

He called the steward, informed him of the necessity for his immediate departure, and gave him his instructions; also telling him that he was going at once to Regensburg, to ask his dismissal of Mr. Wallenroth.

When he entered the parlour in the evening, he found Madame Walter much dejected. Josephine sat in silence by the window. He announced that he was going to India. The young girl became pale as death, and her hands, that held her knitting work, fell down in her lap. Conrad did not observe her emotion; he was too intensely absorbed with the idea of Mr. Marbel's suffering, which he described touchingly to the old lady. He spoke with much scorn of the banker's advice.



"I should be a villain," concluded he, "if I could stay here, after this, though I were sure of meeting my death on the way."

"Ah! yes," repeated the steward; "it is indeed a melancholy business."

"Nay," said Madame Walter, while her voice faltered, "it is well that you *think* thus; but do not act too rashly. Wait a few days; reflection may point out a better course." And she glanced towards her daughter.

Josephine lifted up her pale face, and collecting her strength for the effort, cried, "Mother, dear mother, do not distress him! He must—he *must* go!—he *dare* not stay!" And she sank down in a swoon.

Her mother shrieked; Conrad raised her in his arms; the steward called assistance, and she was carried to her chamber.

In about an hour Madame Walter sent for Conrad. He obeyed the summons, and as he entered the apartment, saw Josephine seated in the arm-chair. He took a seat near her in silence, looking sorrowfully, however, at her pale countenance.

"I gave you a fright," said she, smiling; "I am sorry, but could not help it. Now I am well."

Conrad was trembling with emotion.

"I want to see you," said the young girl, "as long as I can. Mother, bring Mr. Eckbert a glass of that old wine; he does not look well; he has suffered much. It will strengthen him; for his spirit seems stronger than his body."

The mother went out. Conrad looked at Josephine; he had not expected so much feeling from her.

"You are grieved, then, dear Josephine," he asked, at length, "that I must leave you?"

"No," she answered; "you do well to go; you *could* not do otherwise. You follow a sacred duty; you cannot meet with harm—God will be with you."

"Ah, Josephine! and yet my heart is broken. You know not how much I love you!"

"Think upon your unfortunate father!"

"Will you remember me in absence, Josephine?"

"Yes, Conrad, and with gratitude."

"Gratitude?"

"Yes; for I am better since you came here. Take this knowledge with you. We may never meet again in this world, but I shall always be happier for having known you."

"You embarrass me, Josephine. Ah! know you how dear you are to me? Do you know what I suffer in parting from you?"

She averted her face; at the same moment Madame Walter came in with the wine. They both drank, and Josephine became more cheerful.

"My mother," she said, when the moment of parting came, "you may give Mr. Eckbert a last embrace—for me!"

The mother clasped him in her arms, then kneeling, she stole a kiss from the blushing cheek of her daughter; snatched her hand, which she extended in adieu, and covered it with kisses, while his face

was bathed in tears. Madame Walter sobbed aloud; Josephine covered her face, while she motioned him to leave them.

## CHAPTER VII.

The next morning, as Conrad drove away, a crowd of the tenants followed the carriage with tears and lamentations; for he was much beloved by them all. He leaned back in the seat and abandoned himself to sad reflections. How happy had been his lot!—how desolate was he now! But his benefactor—should he murmur at being called to sacrifice all for him. Did not duty call for the surrender of his happiness, his love, his life?

Ah! said conscience, it is your own fault that you go not to India with pleasure, that you leave breaking hearts behind! You have—as Mr. Marbel would say—a sad hole in your sleeve.

He reached the capital, and hastened to the banker's. Schmidt seemed astonished to see him so soon, and still more at his resolution of going to India.

"Be advised," said he. "A voyage to India is no excursion of pleasure. And who will assure you that you will find Mr. Marbel alive? And you sacrifice your interests."

"My dear sir, say no more about it—I have no choice. Duty points out my path. I ask only letters of exchange for the funds I shall place in your hands. If you will add something, so much the better; and I will repay you with interest when I return, if I have to turn mechanic again for it."

"Well, Mr. Eckbert, if you are determined —"

"Say no more. To-morrow I go to Regensburg, to ask my dismissal of Mr. Wallenroth. If you are truly my friend, give me a letter to him. I know your opinion has much weight."

The banker was silent some time, and seemed much affected. At length he embraced Conrad.

"I envy Mr. Marbel," he cried, "so loyal and affectionate a son. Come, you shall have the bills of exchange, and that Mr. Wallenroth may interpose no difficulty, I will myself accompany you to Regensburg."

The impatience of Conrad to depart met with severe checks from the banker's delay—on account of business, as he said. It was six days before he could persuade him to set out. He wrote, however, at once to Mr. Wallenroth.

At length they left the capital, travelling with post horses; but the young man was doomed to another trial of patience from the slowness with which the banker found it necessary to travel. The hours of rest claimed by him were spent by Conrad writing in his journal, or to Madame Walter.

They arrived at Regensburg. Mr. Wallenroth was not to be seen the first day; which occasioned Conrad not a little uneasiness, especially as he was

certain the banker had been received. Nor did he like the banker's extreme cheerfulness when he returned in the evening to their hotel.

The next day Wallenroth invited them to dinner. The young man resolved to bring matters to a speedy issue—for he was determined, should his principal refuse to release him from the agency, to depart that night without waiting for dismissal.

The host received them with great cordiality, and Conrad lost not a moment in explaining the object of his visit, dwelling with great earnestness on the reasons that impelled him to give up his agency. He also spoke of what he had done at Altech.

"You have done every thing," said M. de Wallenroth, "that I could have wished, with only one exception. You have made Madame Walter very unhappy."

"I?" repeated the young man, colouring.

"I received a letter from her the day before yesterday. She tells me you are much beloved by all the people, who mourn your loss. She has a young and lovely daughter, whose health has failed since your departure."

"Josephine?"

"Yes. Both mother and daughter are noble-minded enough to approve of your plan of going to India. But Madame Walter trembles for the life of the dear girl, who is in real danger."

Conrad grew pale.

M. de Wallenroth showed him the letter; he read it, then sank on a chair, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed audibly.

"I can sympathize with you," said Wallenroth, kindly, "for I know Josephine; she is an admirable girl. You love her?"

"Better than life!" faltered the young man.

"Then be at ease on her account. Her welfare is too dear to me, than that I should lose a moment in giving her consolation. I wrote in reply—'Mr. Eckbert is not going to India; he will soon return to Altech.' My letter is by this time in Madame Walter's hands."

"You have done well," said Conrad.

"Then you will not go to India?"

"You have done well, Mr. Wallenroth, to save her suffering for a few days, even by an innocent deception. It is important to gain time; her strength will return; she will be saved by your stratagem. But I must go to India."

"Will you make me tell an untruth, Mr. Eckbert?"

"Shall I," asked Conrad, looking appealingly into his face, "prove a monster of ingratitude to my benefactor?"

"No, no," cried Mr. Wallenroth; "but you are called upon to choose between his life and that of the maiden you love."

"I have no choice!" said Conrad. "I have only to listen to the voice of duty. His life, and hers, are in the hands of God—the good or evil act is in my power. And could I restore her by committing a sin, would she not hate me for my criminal weakness?"

"I wrote to them," pursued M. de Wallenroth, "that the necessity of your departure existed no longer—nor does it. I prophesy that you will not go to India."

"How? Is Mr. Marbel dead? Or have you intelligence that he is on his way home? I beseech you, sir, relieve my suspense. I am already wretched enough."

"You have no reason to be so," answered Mr. Wallenroth. "Listen to me. You are the owner of Altech. Mr. Marbel sold me the estate—but only for you, and charged me not to inform you till you had been a year in possession. Mr. Schmidt is the executor of his will. I will deliver you the writings presently."

Conrad was astonished—he knew not what to say. At last, raising his tearful eyes to heaven—"My good Marbel!" he cried; "always thoughtful for others!—now he is no longer poor. If it be truly so, Mr. Wallenroth, I have to beg a favour of you and Mr. Schmidt. It is to lend me thirty or forty thousand guilders, to be secured by a mortgage on the estate at Altech. I want the money immediately, in bills of exchange."

"First let me deliver the deeds into your hands," said Mr. Wallenroth, and left the room, accompanied by the banker.

He returned with the papers, which Conrad looked over, and seemed much affected on seeing the signature of his foster-father. But he started with surprise at the date—the document was dated two days ago, at Regensburg! He pointed this out to Mr. Wallenroth.

"The deed is spurious!" cried he.

"Perfectly good and legal, I assure you, my dear sir."

"It is dated the day before yesterday!"

"Very good."

"Who has counterfeited Mr. Marbel's handwriting?"

"Who but himself! You ought to know his hand."

"How could he write this? Has he returned from India?"

"No, Mr. Eckbert, he has not returned—for he has never been to India!"

The door opened, and the banker led forward a venerable figure, which Conrad instantly recognized. Mr. Marbel opened his arms and clasped the young man to his breast.

"My son!" he cried, "you are all I hoped. May God in Heaven bless you!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

The surprise and delight of Conrad, and the joy of his foster-father, may easily be conceived. The evening was devoted to explanations. Mr. Marbel related in detail the occurrences of the last two years; how he had been persecuted by royal favour; how his refusal of the proffered honours had sub-

jected him to suspicion; how he had been misrepresented and calumniated, and finally obliged to quit the capital; how he had retired to a distant province, intending to live in seclusion, and how a fever had reduced him to the verge of the grave. During his illness, he reproached himself for not having provided for the fortunes of his adopted son.

"The man who leaves ought to regret in this world," said he, "is not prepared to die; and he who is not prepared for death has a sad hole in his sleeve."

Mr. Marbel went on to say that Conrad's quarterly letters had been his only consolation. On him his hopes were now fixed; for of many orphans whom he had educated, none had well repaid his care. After Conrad's return, he had directed the banker to purchase the estate at Altech, and establish the young man there as agent. In short, the whole scheme between him, the banker, and Mr. Wallenroth, together with the proposed voyage to India, was devised for the trial and development of Conrad's principles, and his heart. He had nobly borne the trial, and proved himself worthy of their confidence.

Mr. Marbel added an episode concerning his love in youth for Madame Walter, before her marriage, which had been a severe blow to him. This unlucky passion had proved, he said, a terrible hole in his sleeve; but he had mended it by resignation, always retaining esteem for Madame Walter, to whom he allowed a pension sufficient for

her support. The union between her daughter and his adopted son was just what he desired.

To make a long story short—in a few days Mr. Marbel and Conrad, accompanied by the banker, went to Altech. The young man had written immediately on finding his benefactor, both to Josephine and her mother, informing them of his prospects, and making a formal offer of his hand. Thus they were expected.

Madame Walter and Mr. Marbel had not met in several years, and had many old scenes and recollections to talk over. When they came down to the present, they discovered that the young people had been missing for an hour. They were found in the garden, walking arm in arm among the flowers.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Marbel, as he saw them, "both your sleeves have had sad holes—which the priest only can mend! But come here and receive our blessing."

In a few days the lovers were married. Mr. Marbel then said to Conrad—

"You may go to Leipzig for your wedding excursion, collect some moneys, and transact other business for me, for which I will give you written instructions. You can be back in fourteen days at furthest."

And truly, in twelve days the whole party was reassembled at Altech—Josephine blooming as a rose, and the old people, of course, delighted.

## THE LION'S CRAG.

## A LEGEND FROM THE DEEP DRAWER.

BY MRS. H. F. LEE, AUTHOR OF "THREE EXPERIMENTS IN LIVING," "THE HUGUENOTS," ETC.

THE deed which Count Raymond had perpetrated was wholly unpremeditated. Among his darkest conjectures he had never imagined that Schomberg was the husband of another. The dreadful intelligence, wholly precluding the justice he had come to seek, had produced temporary insanity; and when he saw Eva's base deceiver suddenly before him, in the wild frenzy of passion and indignation he had stabbed him to the heart. With scarcely a consciousness of self-protection, he plunged into darkness and storm, and pursued his way rapidly on horseback through the deep snow, changing his horse when the animal could proceed no farther; and if another could not be procured, hurrying forward on foot to the next village. It was in this way he gained the Lion's Crag, and entered the subterranean passage. Then for the first time the feeling of safety came over him, and with it the thought of his daughter. The fever of his brain became less intense, and reason gradually returned. When he arrived at the summit of the rocks, he did not repair to the castle, but to the chapel, which was constantly lighted. There kneeling before the Catholic altar, he implored pardon and mercy.

"In the sight of man," said he, "I am a murderer. Thou God knowest the measure of my guilt. Oh! may the blood of my Saviour cleanse me from the blood of a fellow being."

The next morning he sent for Eva and received her with calmness, though unable to rise from his bed. To her eager inquiries, he replied—

"My child, we must submit in silence to the decrees of God. Ask no questions, but prostrate thyself before Him, and pray for grace to bear all afflictions."

"He is dead!" exclaimed Eva.

Raymond made no reply.

"I knew," exclaimed she, passionately, "nothing but death could keep him from me. But tell me," added she, desperately, "when did he die, and how?"

"These are troubled times," said Raymond; "one man's hand is raised against another. He fell by the sword of the murderer."

"Cursed was the deed," exclaimed Eva, wildly; "and accursed be the murderer!"

"Now," exclaimed Raymond, "wilt thou betray thy old father and thus curse him?"

The lucid interval had passed; the fever of the brain again returned. Eva had the comfort of supposing his language the ravings of insanity, and she watched by his sick bed,—now praying for her father, now for her husband, now for herself.

After many days of extreme illness, Raymond's disease took a more favourable turn, and the physician of the household pronounced him out of danger. But he zealously cautioned them against exciting any new emotions; and the poor, desolate, heart-broken Eva moved around his bed like the spirit of despair—now and then silently embracing him, and hurrying away lest he should perceive her anguish.

We must now mingle with our narrative an account of the siege of the castle, taken from a French author. After the return of the soldiers, the governor of the province determined to go himself in person at the head of a numerous body of troops, to secure the murderer of Count Schomberg, and take the castle by storm. Aware of the arduous enterprise, he took with him two light pieces of artillery, and made every arrangement which the rigour of the season and the barrenness of the country would admit. After a day's march, he arrived at the foot of the crag. The castle is built in an immense excavation of rock, which is hollowed by nature, and is sheltered on every side except the front, which looks towards the east. The summit of the crag projects over the top of the castle on this side, and a stone thrown from it would reach the depth of the precipice passing before the castle without hitting it. When any one stands at the foot of the rock, or in the valley below, they do not perceive the building, but only the high mountains which surround it, and which are too distant for artillery to produce any effect. At the time spoken of, a narrow, crooked path cut into the side of the rock was the only possible way of reaching the castle; and it was in this path that the soldiers who followed Raymond were stopped by the wall of snow and compelled to return.

After having examined the singular situation of the castle, the governor judged it inaccessible in every way but by the narrow path. He arrived there just a fortnight after the return of Raymond, and announced his arrival to the besieged by a discharge of cannon. The balls broke some pieces of rock, but none of them reached the castle, which was wholly concealed from the besiegers. They placed guards upon the neighbouring summits, and scoured the forests to find a road which might lead to the castle, but none existed. The narrow path we have before described, was the only communication, and this was so impeded by ice and snow, that it would have been easy for one man to have stopped the progress of an army. The governor therefore thought it best to convert the siege into a

blockade, and conquer by famine those who were placed in so extraordinary a position.

It was then towards the close of December; the cold was excessive, and the barracks of the besiegers poorly guarded them. The provisions brought to them from several miles distance were mostly frozen on the way. This was peculiarly tantalizing, as the thick smoke which arose over the rocks which hemmed in the castle, betokened that the inhabitants possessed all that was necessary to guard them from the rigours of the season. They tried to make their menaces reach the castle, but no sound was returned. But when a cannon was fired by the besiegers, a corresponding one usually resounded from the castle. Things continued in this state till February, and the governor was then persuaded that the castle must soon surrender for want of provisions. This became more and more important to them, as they themselves began to feel all the horrors of famine. At length they beheld one morning a white colour waving over the road which led to the castle. The governor immediately ordered two officers to receive the conditions which were probably proposed before the surrender of the castle. In a few moments, however, they saw lowered from a projecting rock immense baskets, and with them a despatch for the governor. The baskets were immediately taken to the camps with the letter. In this letter Raymond advised the governor to abandon his useless attempt, and not persist in destroying the lives of his soldiers by cold and hunger, in blockading a castle that could not be exhausted, having within itself all its own resources. He truly pitied him for the sacrifices to which he had already submitted to accomplish an impossible task; and as he knew that there must be great want of provisions in the camp, he begged him to accept cordially the trifling present that he sent him, engaging to renew it during the inclement season as often as the governor would do him the honour to accept it.

After reading this singular epistle they opened the enormous baskets, and found them filled with every variety of delicate and choice viands. One basket contained the finest fish, which appeared to have been just caught; others were filled with oranges, lemons, and every variety of vegetables, and also figs in full growth.

To the first astonishment of the soldiers succeeded the popular superstition, that all which passed could not take place by natural means, and their courage sunk under this suspicion. A second famine prevailed soon amongst them, and the governor determined to accept the defiance of Raymond and demand provisions for the holidays of the church. Raymond answered the demand by lowering the four quarters of an ox well cooked, and a dozen sheep roasted. The soldiers declared anew that the castle was inhabited by sorcerers, and that it was in vain to contend against them. Nevertheless, the governor conceived new hopes, for he had discovered that there was a traitor in the castle. From the summit of one of the pro-

jecting rocks, a note had been lowered, saying, that if the writer could be assured of an ample pension and an honourable place near the emperor, the castle with Count Raymond's remains should be delivered into the governor's hands. This intelligence was sent to the emperor.

Once more we return to the inhabitants of the castle. The restoration of the count to health and sanity was complete. He pursued his accustomed duties, and determined to give no explanation to Eva of the death of Schomberg, merely stating it as a fact which had taken place at Vienna. There are no sorrows that bring their own balm so truly as death. It is the order of nature, the very condition on which we receive life; it is the only event of which we may be certain, and we know that it is inevitable. These are truths so obvious, that the deepest mourner gradually feels their influence; and it is the growth of these impressions which produces the effect which we call *time*. When to these are added the hopes and belief of Christian faith, then it is *religion*;—thus both time and religion are gradually operating a cure for the deepest wounds. Raymond loved his daughter too well to add the cruel explanation, and Eva's sorrow took a mild and gentle form, which neither impaired her health nor usefulness.

But it was not so with the unhappy father;—the stain upon his honour he felt deeply; nor could he forget that in a moment of delirium he had murdered a fellow being. Every evening, at the hour on which the deed took place, he prostrated himself before the altar, lighted by a single taper, and prayed for pardon and redemption.

But one person, besides the count, who inhabited the castle knew the circumstances which had taken place and have been already related. From his uncommon capacity and quickness of mind, as well as acquirements, he had gradually attained the place of major-domo in the establishment. He had indirectly gained a knowledge of the clandestine marriage of Eva and the violent death of Schomberg by her father. It is almost unnecessary to add that *he* was the secret traitor who had offered to deliver the castle and the lifeless *body* of Count Raymond into the hands of the governor—for he acknowledged that he was not able to give them possession as long as the master lived. The degree of importance he had acquired had elevated his station so much above the other hirelings, that under the present unhappy state of things, he dared to hope that after the death of the count he might obtain the hand of his daughter. Alas! poor girl! how had one rash and disobedient step sullied her fair prospects and thrown desolation over her house! Well may the moralist say, "beware of the *first step*!"

We must now, to describe the chapel, which is important to our narrative, again have recourse to the French author.

At the extremity of the plain in front of the castle, rose the little chapel. The building had not always been consecrated to holy purposes, for

was placed directly over a fissure in the rock which descended many hundred feet to a spring below, which rushed into the fissure from neighbouring sources. The ancestors of the count had used this spring as a well, raising the water by means of something like a rope and windlass, and as it was a slow operation, had erected an ornamental temple over the place. After a natural reservoir of water was discovered near the castle, this tedious method of drawing up water was wholly disused, and the father of Count Raymond had it fitted for a chapel. A solid floor was laid over the opening, which had been formerly enlarged to the size of the reservoir at the base. In the centre of this stood the altar, with a lamp suspended over it, before which the present count knelt every evening, striving by prayer and supplication to expiate the crime of murder. If this explanation is clear, the reader will understand that the altar was placed over the very centre of the abyss below.

On the very spot where Raymond knelt sometimes for hours, the major-domo made a small hole in the floor, to which he attached a cord reaching to the base, with a weight suspended to the end.

Such were his primary preparations, to be put into effect when he received such an answer from the governor as suited his purpose. Nor was it long deferred. On the third evening, while his master was in the chapel, he extinguished the torch with which he usually waited for him without, and crossing the terrace gave the watchword to the sentinels stationed at the opening of the narrow footpath deep sunk in the rocks, and passing them hastily descended to the plain. Here he was met by two men despatched by the governor, fully consenting to the terms he proposed, with the exception of a place in office near the emperor; but softening the refusal by a purse of gold which was transmitted to him.

"This is the only method by which you will accomplish your purpose and satisfy the laws," said the major-domo. "Your blockade is child's play; no one in the castle feels it;—the Lady Eva, the count's daughter, does not know of it. You never can cut off his resources. I will confess honestly that he has means of supplying himself with all he wants of which I am ignorant. The plan I mention to you is the only one by which justice can overtake him, and you obtain possession of the castle. Since I am denied a place at court, I humbly petition that I may succeed the count as head of the castle; and if, as I have reason to believe, I marry the Lady Eva, it may be hers by hereditary right."

"You cannot be ignorant," replied the spokesman, who was probably the governor himself, "that the estates of a criminal are forfeited to government. All this, however, shall be settled to your satisfaction. How will you indicate to-morrow evening the precise moment of acting. The loaded gun will be placed as directed."

"When you perceive the torch in yonder parapet above the angle of the rock, which you just discern

from here. This is the signal. Do not lose a moment;—an hour earlier or later will destroy the whole plan. Remember—as soon as you perceive the torch in the parapet."

At these words, they parted. The major-domo climbed the steep ascent, relighted his torch, and was in waiting when the count issued from the chapel.

At a late hour, Eva rang for her waiting woman, Margaretta.

"It is time that I release thee for the night," said she. "It waxes late; and though sleep forsakes my eyelids, I will not rob thee of thy sleep."

"Nay, madam," said the girl, "I have no disposition to sleep. I have heard such things within this last half hour, that I verily think I should not sleep all night."

"Some wonderful ghost story, I suppose," said Eva; "but come girl, get my night gear, and then thou mayest begone."

"No indeed, madam; no ghost story. You yourself are concerned in it."

"Nay then; your story is mine by right. Speak out."

"You know Frederic, madam; he is my best friend. Well, to-night he was gathering camphine on the rocks—he can climb as easy as he walks. He had by degrees got almost to the plain below, and he there heard the voice of the major-domo talking with two men. He could not distinguish all they said, but he plainly made out that he expected to marry the Lady Eva and succeed the count."

"You are dreaming, girl," said Eva, her eyes flashing fire.

"No, madam; this is not all. He heard him say that he would place a lighted torch on the parapet at the angle, and they must be quick."

"Can you bring Frederic to me?" said Eva.

"Oh, not to-night, madam; but to-morrow."

"Be it so, then," replied Eva; "and now leave me, good Margaretta."

Sweet and faithful is the repose of the innocent. Margaretta, though sure she should not close her eyes for the night, had scarcely laid her head on the pillow when sleep came and with it dreams of Frederic.

Not so with Eva. No longer quiet slumbers visited her couch. Often strange and dark suspicions crossed her mind. She had for some time felt sure there was mystery around her. Her mind and perceptions were strangely matured by suffering and sorrow. She resolved to investigate for herself; to see Frederic, and if possible, detect treachery if it really existed.

Early the next morning the conference took place. Frederic's information was none of the clearest; but one thing he was sure of, that the major-domo had promised to place the torch as a signal, while the count was in the chapel.

"And to whom are these signs to be made?" inquired Eva.

"To the enemy below, madam."

"I thought so," said she. "We are then besieged?"

"Something like it, madam; but my lord has ordered us not to trouble you on the subject, for they cannot hurt us."

"Frederic," said she, "can you keep a secret, even from Margaretta, and meet me this evening at the parapet, with a torch?"

"Oh sure, my lady, if you command secrecy."

"I do; inviolable;—and to convince you how much confidence I place in you, I will tell you my intention. You understood that a few moments later or earlier would defeat the project. Neither you nor I understand what that is; but I will try it. It is a simple truth; and if placing a torch as a signal before my father enters the chapel will defeat a conspiracy, it is easily done, and I will try it."

Eva, not satisfied with his promise of secrecy, bound him by the solemn oaths that operate most powerfully on that class of people, and dismissed him.

The whole of the day Eva devoted to deep reflection. Her first inquiry was, whether she had better inform her father. But it was evident that he had wished to keep her ignorant of all which had occurred. She felt a diffidence, a timidity of intruding what she thought he would consider the gossip of servants, upon his notice. Frederic's account was confused and obscure, and she dreaded the scorn which it might meet. "At least," thought she, "I will wait and see the result of my attempt. Nothing serious can happen if I seize the few moments so important."

Often she prostrated herself before the blessed Virgin, and implored aid and direction. It was a day of deep agitation, yet her mind grew in strength and resolution. At sunset she took her usual walk on the terrace, and then entered the chapel. Here she knelt on the cushion where her father so often knelt precisely at the hour of eleven, and offered up prayers for his safety, and also for his peace, which she was conscious had fled with her own.

Slowly moved the hours; the night was dark and cold;—yet Eva kept her watch unwearied. At a quarter past ten, she saw the major-domo go into the chapel, as was regularly his duty, to arrange the cushions, light the lamp which hung over the altar, and prepare all for the count. She knew he would soon issue from it, conduct him there, and wait, or pretend to wait, till his devotions were over. Now was her time—not a moment was to be lost. She called to Frederic, who was near. "Light the torch, quick!" said she. With what a beating heart did she see the attempt to strike fire fail. At length it was kindled, and burnt bright and clear, and with her own hands she placed it on the angle of the parapet. They then retreated half way between the chapel and the parapet—Eva eagerly watching for the appearance of the major-domo, and determining to throw herself at her

father's feet and implore him not to enter the chapel that night.

But a few moments of suspense passed ere a loud explosion was heard, and a piercing shriek issuing from the chapel rung through the air. All were immediately in motion. The sentinels, the count, and the inhabitants of the castle, hastened to the spot. There lay the major-domo desperately wounded;—part of the floor had been torn up and the abyss below was visible. The direction of the bullet, made sure by the weight at the end of the string, had entered the entrails of the wretched man; and the death prepared for his master had fallen on the traitor. Yet still life lingered long enough for a dying confession of his baseness.

"And thou wert my preserver, Eva," said her father, as he folded her to his heart. "Let all the past be forgotten. Henceforth we will press onward, nor suffer ourselves to look back. We have been greatly wronged, and I have done wrong—but God is merciful."

"My dear father," said Eva, "do not think I have been insensible to all that was passing. Did I not attend by your sick bed when you had little control over your words and thoughts? Terrible truths I gleaned from them; but I have communed only with God;—He has been my comforter, and I bow with submission to his will. If the emperor could be persuaded to withdraw his forces and leave us in peace, we might still be happy."

From this time she determined to address a petition to the emperor, stating all the circumstances relating to herself; of the cruel deception practised towards her; of her father's journey, derangement, and the brain fever which followed his distracted deed; of his remorse; his penitence; and in the language of simple truth and earnestness, petitioned for his pardon.

Such a statement produced its effect, and a revolution took place in the mind of Maximilian. He gave orders that the troops should be recalled, and sent a pardon to Count Raymond, on condition that he never left the crag or descended into the plains below, but remained a prisoner on his own premises.

To these conditions the count willingly bound himself, but said to Eva—

"They did well to secure my promise; for a man who has subterranean passages extending for miles around, could only voluntarily be confined to his own domain."

From this time the father and daughter were heard of no more; and it was not known till years after the count's death, that his remaining days were passed in tranquillity and peace. Eva became a sister of charity; and the castle upon the Lion's Crag was changed into a residence for charitable and holy women, and a seminary of education for innocent and happy children.

## THE LION'S CRAG.

## A LEGEND FROM THE DEEP DRAWER.

BY MRS. H. F. LEE, AUTHOR OF "THREE EXPERIMENTS IN LIVING," "THE HUGUENOTS," ETC.

Among the strong holds of the Carniola mountains, the ruins of an ancient castle still remain, which formerly tempted the curious traveller many miles from his path. In winter it is almost inaccessible from the masses of snow and ice which block up all avenues to it. And even in the milder seasons the way is impeded by mountain torrents and deep ravines. Yet so many strange and mysterious stories are attached to this place, known by the name of the Lion's Crag, that even to this day travellers are found adventurous enough to encounter all obstacles for the sake of viewing this wonderful place.

The following narrative connected with the castle among the mountains, has been told with variations for many centuries. We have seen German, French and Italian records relating the subject, and have taken some pains to clear them from the rubbish of superstition which has hitherto enveloped the transaction, and give the facts in their simple truth. As the circumstances took place in the reign of Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, it carries us back to 1478 or 9.

We shall make free use of a French version of this story—departing from it, however, when we think the facts have varied from history.

Egbert Count Raymond was a man who had shared the highest honours an imperial government bestows; but early losing a beloved wife, and becoming disgusted with worldly ostentation, he retired to his castle among the Carniola mountains, determining to devote his life to the education and happiness of his only child, the little Eva.

With a highly cultivated taste and a profound love for the fine arts, he found no time hang heavy; all his recreation and domestic happiness were centred in the little being who remained as the last tie which bound him to earth. She grew up surrounded by mountain scenery, as bright and as happy as the birds she collected around her, teaching them by the silvery tones of her voice.

On one fine morning in May, when the spring had come forth in all its beauty, a huntsman's horn was heard resounding from peak to peak, and dying in low murmurs among the valleys.

"That sound is not far off," said Raymond. "It is a petition for aid; I understand it well. They are probably sportsmen in perplexity; perhaps they are bewildered among the mountains. I will send guides to conduct them to the road."

"It may be, father," said Eva, "that there is distress amongst them. I never heard so plaintive a sound from our huntsmen's horns."

"Thou art right, child," said the count. "The serfs shall go with such relief as may be necessary, with orders to conduct them to the castle should they require aid."

But a few hours had passed before the messengers returned, bringing a chevalier on a litter, followed by several of his attendants. His gun had suddenly burst and severely wounded him.

The chevalier was announced as Count Von Schomberg, and Raymond at once understood his high rank at court. Many weeks passed before he was able to move with freedom, and during that time he was entertained by the inhabitants of the castle with the utmost hospitality. As his knowledge in music was highly cultivated, Eva became his pupil.

Hitherto, her intercourse had been confined to the circle around her. It is not surprising that she found a new world opening to her senses, in the accomplishments and fascinations of the stranger, a being so unlike all she had seen before. He possessed the refinement and the tenderness which she honoured in her father, but then he was so much younger, so much more animated, and there was such melody in his voice, and such execution in his fingers! Her harp had never *spoken* before, and now, alas! poor child! it spoke to her heart.

Strange that her father did not observe the tremulation of her voice, her eyes cast down, and the long eye-lashes resting on her cheek, in the presence of the chevalier! But fathers forget that the period of childhood passes rapidly—as if the woman with her vivid imagination and soul of sensibility could be still held in leading strings. But if the father did not perceive this change in Eva, Count Schomberg did, and at once attributed it to admiration for himself. His health recovered very slowly—at least, so he said, though there was no outward appearance of indisposition. At length, no excuse remained, and the time arrived when he must quit the abode so full of trusting hospitality.

His leave-taking with the count was full of gratitude and high respect; perhaps there was a little exaggeration in his language when he protested that his life henceforth was at the service of Egbert Count Raymond—but it was in the style of the gay courtiers of Vienna, and as such was received.

With Eva it was otherwise. Strange that a creature so gentle and timid could give a private assignation, could listen to the count when he promised to return in a few weeks and claim her from her father as his beloved and honoured wife. But Eva



was in love, and Margaretta, her favourite waiting maid, was in love also, and together they had consented to assignations, and fully believed all their lovers told them. But Margaretta was by far the most fortunate; for Frederic was never absent and never compelled to leave her for the court of the emperor.

Months passed away, and Schomberg did not return; he did not even write—this was surely most strange. Even the count expressed his surprise, and said—

"I am disappointed; but I know too well the busy life of the court to be severe on our former guest. I rejoice that we were able to assist him when wounded; and so it ends. We shall probably see him no more."

But Eva seemed to possess none of this philosophy. By degrees the rose on her cheek turned pale, and her lips assumed an ashy whiteness. One day her father entered her room and found her shedding bitter tears. She complained of indisposition, and for a time he was silent; but by degrees his eyes opened to a part of the truth.

"My dear child," said he, one day, drawing her towards him, "what has become of thy gay spirits? Dost thou regret the absence of the young chevalier who has sung to thy harp? Nay, speak freely, my child; thou hast no severe censor in thy father. Perhaps I am more in fault than thou art; I might have foreseen that thy fancy would be captivated by his accomplishments. Speak truly, my own Eva; confide in thy father, thy best friend."

"Oh that I had ever done so!" she exclaimed, weeping. "But it was so hard to act in opposition to the count's wishes. He told me to trust to him and all would go right, and that you, my dear father, would be proud when he returned to claim your daughter as his bride."

A frown passed over the brow of Raymond, as he replied—

"The rank he holds at court I held, before he was born, with the father of Maximilian; and what honour," continued he, "could the new favourite of the emperor confer on the old and cherished friend of his father. Hadst thou confided to me thy affection, my child, I would not have opposed thy union with him—but the honour had been his."

"Ah, father, I see he was right—thou wouldst not have consented."

"I tell thee truly, Eva, that *I would*," said the count. "I have not forgotten how I once loved. Yes, Eva, had he spoken fair and honourably to me, I would have given my consent, and parted with my only earthly treasure, for *her* happiness."

"Then, dearest father," said Eva, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks glowing, as she threw herself into his arms, "I may confess all. He is my own, my wedded husband."

"God of mercy!" exclaimed Raymond, "what does this mean?"

"Nay, father," said Eva, clinging to him, "do not look so sternly upon me. I did wrong to consent to his representations. But all was ready;

the priest waiting in the chapel, and assuring me that there was no disobedience—for my father had uttered no prohibition, and that he would give me absolution. Alas! I yielded, notwithstanding my heart and my conscience told me otherwise. I became his wife, but I have never known a happy day since. Father, dear father, forgive me, or I never, never shall forgive myself."

Raymond answered not a word. It seemed as if inward life and thought had departed from him, and yet the outward man stood firm. At length, in a voice of thunder, he exclaimed—

"Call Father Ludovico."

"I will," said Eva, trembling; "but it was not Father Ludovico that married us."

"Who then, wretched girl?" said he.

"It was his own chaplain that always travels with him," said Eva. "Oh! father, look not so sternly on me; kill me not by your anger."

"Wretched, wretched girl," said the count, "and thrice wretched father! Away," added he, as she knelt to him; "go kneel to thy God and Saviour; there only canst thou find peace."

"Father," said Eva, starting up, "I am a poor, timid, feeble child; but lately I sat on your knee, and laid my head upon your bosom, and you blessed me. I love you now, as I did then. My crime is, not that I loved another with a different love, for it robbed you of no portion of my affection. But it was a crime to unite myself to him privately and clandestinely, and without your leave, and deeply do I suffer for it. Yet, dearest father, remember the love you bore my beloved mother; how deep, how constant it has been even to this hour. Father," said she, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes fearlessly, "even so I love my husband!"

"Eva, my poor Eva," said he, throwing his arms around her—all his angry passions subsiding into one gush of tenderness, and the strong, iron-bound man, wept like a child.

"You forgive me father?" said she. "Say yes, and remove this dreadful load which lies upon my conscience."

"I do forgive thee thy transgression to myself," said Raymond, solemnly. "I promise to love and cherish thee with more tenderness than ever."

"Now I am happy again," said Eva; "and I shall be too, too happy, when my husband returns to claim me—but think not I will ever leave you; no, we must not separate. We will pass part of the year at Vienna and part here; that is what he told me, and you must always be with us. We will never separate."

Day after day passed, and he did not return. Raymond was a man of resolution and principle, and he strove to bear the sorrow of his heart like a Christian. He was fully convinced by inquiry and investigation, that Eva had been betrayed by fiend-like contrivances; but he still hoped that Schomberg might be compelled to make all the restitution now in his power, by an honourable marriage. De Raymond had been early in life a brave warrior, and was still a feudal chief. He collected around

him his serfs and faithful allies, and giving Eva in charge to their care and watchfulness, and to the few faithful friends who inhabited the castle, he informed his daughter that it was his intention to go to Vienna and have an interview with Schomberg, and learn why he so long delayed his return. Eva was divided between grief and joy—grief that her father, now advanced in years, should have such an arduous journey to accomplish in the depth of winter, and joy that she should learn what had detained her husband; and that he would receive from her father's lips pardon for their clandestine union. Once she tremblingly expressed a desire to go with him, but he answered her with a momentary sternness that checked the expression of her wishes.

The journey of Count Raymond to Vienna, though a long one, was speedily accomplished. The castle, inaccessible to strangers in winter, had many subterranean passages known to the master and two or three of his confidential servants, which, by a long winding path, led to the foot of the crag. When Count Raymond arrived at Vienna, he well knew how to gain access to the palace by a private way; for he had often used it in his intercourse with the predecessor of Maximilian, and by this means he was sure of telling his own story before Schomberg could escape. Deeply as he was wounded, he carried less revenge than sorrow in his heart—for he knew that Eva's happiness was bound up in the safety of her betrayer's. He even began to persuade himself that so much faith and beauty as she possessed could not fail to have made due impression on his heart, and that he might joyfully accept the way opened to him of making reparation. There are certain perceptions of the mind, however, that we cannot elude; and the conviction that Schomberg was a villain was written on his heart. It was in this frame of mind that he arrived at the palace of Maximilian, the son of his former sovereign and friend, and sought the secret entrance by which he might gain access to the emperor.

Maximilian was sitting in the midst of his family, with his consort, Mary of Burgundy, heiress of Charles the Bold, by his side, and at his feet his beautiful niece, who had been early adopted as his daughter.

The weather was cold and tempestuous; the wintry blast howled around the palace with as little ceremony as if it had been encircling the lowliest cottage.

"It is a terrible night, father," said the young girl, resting her soft white hand on the emperor's ermine robe which covered his knee.

"Thou dost not feel the storm, Emilda?" said he, taking the little hand in his.

"Oh, no," replied the young girl, "not for myself; but it is beating on many a defenceless head."

At that moment an attendant entered, and said, with agitation—

"A man, my lord, of noble port, has gained admittance to the palace, and beseeches an audience."

"This is an unheard of liberty," said the emperor.

A loud noise was heard at the door, and a stranger rushed forward. Maximilian placed his hand on his sword. The intruder sank on one knee, and, in an imploring voice, exclaimed—

"Justice! my lord the emperor; I come to petition justice."

"Tell me your name," said Maximilian, "and the meaning of this bold intrusion."

"My name, sire," said the stranger, rising, "is easily told. It is De Raymond, and has descended through a long line of ancestors without shame or reproach."

"De Raymond!" exclaimed Maximilian; "I remember it well. Thy father was my father's friend."

"Nay, my lord; please to regard these hoary locks, and behold in me the friend of thy father."

"Count de Raymond—I have heard him mention thee;" said Maximilian, "nor will I forget the services thou hast rendered him. But I would fain ask what has brought thee from thy castle among the mountains. And yet I will not trouble thee to answer. It is an inclement season; the bravest men may yield to stern necessity. In times like these, even wolves forsake their lairs and prowl for food. Thy wants shall be nobly supplied. I thank thee that thou hast preferred thy claim in person."

"My lord," said De Raymond, proudly, "thou hast indeed mistaken my errand. Think not that in my castle we suffer hunger or cold. It is justice that I claim—redress for the deepest injuries."

"Speak freely," said Maximilian.

"I had one daughter," said the count, "beautiful as she who sits at thy feet. She has been stolen from me. Well may the wolf forsake its lair when robbed of its young. Justice! justice!"

"Thou shalt have it," said the emperor, "were the offender mine only son."

"He is near thee and about thee," said Count Raymond. "Behold him in thy prime minister, Schomberg!"

A shriek from the young girl interrupted this strange interview.

"Believe him not," said she, wildly; "it is all untrue."

The empress arose.

"Go with me, my child," and they left the apartment.

Maximilian's agitation now equalled the stranger's.

"Count Raymond," said he, "you must prove what you have asserted, or die the death of a traitor."

"I will prove it all; but when I have proved it, I demand justice."

"What justice?" replied Maximilian.

"He has deceived my daughter by a false marriage; he has won her affections;—she is drooping, dying, under his desertion. I demand that a true marriage shall be solemnized in presence of yourself and your nobles."

"This is unheard of audacity," said Maximilian, his brow kindling with anger. "God forbid that he should have been guilty of such turpitude to the lowest serf in my empire; nor do I believe it—some imposition has been practised. But you cannot have come here without knowing that Schomberg is already married?"

"Married?" hoarsely articulated Raymond.

"Yes, married; and to my niece, who has just left the room."

"This, then, is madness to me, and death to my poor Eva," exclaimed the count, striking his hand upon his forehead.

His eyes, which before had seemed like dull furnaces, concealing a hidden fire, were now ignited; rays flashed from them,—and turning wildly from the emperor, he rushed from his presence.

Maximilian called loudly and fiercely for his attendants.

"Secure that madman," said he.

They hastened after him.

At the very gate of the palace, a carriage had just drawn up, and Count Schomberg, full of gaiety, sprang from it. Numerous servants and courtiers attended him. The brilliant star on his breast glittered in the light of the lamps. Suddenly his countenance turned pale and ghastly—for Raymond stood before him.

"Thou knowest me; thou rememberest me," said Raymond. "Eva sends thee this," and he plunged his dagger into his heart; and with one spring cleared the astonished group, and was lost in the darkness and storm.

Meanwhile, Schomberg was conveyed to one of the halls of the palace, and every means used for his reanimation, but the blow was deep and sure—his lips were sealed for ever in this world, and his glazed eyes and pallid cheek seemed to express the last agony of a convict's death.

But how could those who had seen him under life's fairest aspects, believe the horrid tale of guilt? His wife, his young wife, was spared the agony of such a conviction. Maximilian, too, believed that a lunatic had found his way to his presence. All inquiries confirmed it. He had entered by a secret passage to which guards were never stationed—all bespoke it the cunning of insanity. Schomberg was wept and honoured. How different are the judgments of men from His who seeth the heart, and yet to that Being the criminal had gone to render his final account.

Inquiries were immediately set on foot by the government, and a hundred golden ducats offered to any one who would deliver the murderer of the most noble Count Schomberg alive. For several days no traces could be discovered of Raymond, and hence arose the many mysterious reports which

took a supernatural colour. Many actually supposed him to be some demon of darkness who had passed through thick walls into the presence of Maximilian, setting at defiance human precaution. At length, however, information arrived from the proper authorities which threw some light on the subject. It was reported that a man had entered a distant town and passed the night there at an ordinary cottage; that he precisely answered the description given of the murderer, but as it had not reached them, they of course had no suspicion that he was a criminal escaping from justice. He left the place early in the morning, and took the path which led to the mountains.

On the same evening, a detachment of soldiers with their commander arrived at the village, and on hearing the above communication, set off on the same route as the murderer whom they were pursuing. They traced him many miles; but at length they became almost exhausted by the difficulty of the way. The road was covered by snow, and often but little more than a foot-path wound through thick woods. They at length reached a few scattered hamlets on the side of a mountain, and here with great difficulty procured guides to the lion's den. The peasants were fully persuaded that the castle was inhabited by supernatural beings, and resolutely refused to proceed any further than the base of the steep mountain of rock on which it stood.

The soldiers, however, were not discouraged, but immediately began climbing the only accessible path. They were soon arrested by huge walls of snow through which it was impossible to penetrate. The second night of their attempt was fast approaching, and they had no choice but to pass it where they were and wait till morning, or return the same way they came. This last alternative was total disobedience to the orders they had received; and accordingly amidst cold and darkness the night came on. They kindled a fire with the branches that they could collect, and stretching themselves on their blankets, with their knapsacks for pillows, hoped to forget their desolate situation in quiet sleep. They were soon disturbed by the roaring of wild beasts, who were only kept at a distance by the light of the fire. They saw them perched on the crags above, ready to spring on their prey. By firing upon them they succeeded in intimidating the ferocious animals. When daylight came, they disappeared like spirits of darkness.

Again the weary and half-famished soldiers began anew their attempts, but they soon perceived the impossibility of succeeding, and were compelled to return to the village.

(To be continued.)